

THE
Monthly Museum;

OR,

DUBLIN LITERARY REPERTORY,

FOR DECEMBER, 1813.

History, Antiquities, Biography.

MEMOIR OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN, &c. &c.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

CHARLES JOHN BERNADOTTE, Prince Royal, or, as he is, according to the *Vandalic* idiom, termed, **CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN**, was born on the 26th of January, 1763, at Pau, the capital of Bearn, the most southern province of France, a place immortalized by the birth of the great monarch, **HENRY IV.**

His father, a gentleman of moderate circumstances, took care to inspire him with noble and elevated sentiments. This anxious parent, who was of the profession of the law, wished also to educate his son with a view to the same scientific employment; but this the constitutional vivacity of young BERNADOTTE, who, probably, took much greater delight in the active exercise of *arms* than the solitary study of *pandects*, opposed; the father urged; the son rejected. Every day increased the aversion of the latter to the monotony of classic lore, and consequently more strongly excited his ruling passion, which pointed to a military life. This

was a struggle, the event of which might have been easily foreseen.—Hardly had he attained his fifteenth year before he eloped from his father's house. The world was now before him, and he began his career by enlisting into the regiment of Royal Marines; in this corps, one of the most distinguished under the ancient *regime* of France; he honourably served in the East Indies during the American war, under the command of M. de Bussy, and with the squadron of Bailly de Suffrein; in this excursion he was present at the Battle of Cuddalore.

Talents like his could not long be obscured by his situation; soon was he, by his officers, distinguished from their military mass. He was made a Corporal the year after he entered the army; and, on his return to France, in the year 1783, raised to the rank of Serjeant. By this time, the vivacity of his juvenile imagination was repressed by the solidity of his maturer judgment, and the natural brilliancy of

his character, burst through the clouds that had obscured it. His promotion to the post of Adjutant, followed of course. His regiment was then in garrison at Marseilles: the Bastille had just been dilapidated; the Jacobins began to expand, and one of the first unconstitutional measures to which, in 1789, they resorted, was, their endeavouring to incite the soldiers in the south of France to an insurrection against their officers; a diabolical scheme, which was, alas! in that district, once too successful. The mob, inflamed to a degree of enthusiasm bordering upon insanity, surrounded the hotel of Colonel the Marquis d'Amberts, resolved to decapitate him, and display his head as a trophy of their victory over the Aristocrats.

Bernadotte, who had marked the progress of the insurgents, for the event of which he stood prepared, and, with equal keenness of mental penetration, (for no man dared to avow his opinion,) also discovered that the soldiers, of his regiment participated in his sentiments, resolved to protect the person and residence of the colonel; he, therefore, tampered with the passions of the malcontents, while he made his men still more sensible of the horror of the crime to which it was sought to make them accomplices. His honourable exertions gained him moral strength, which infused into his bosom military confidence. He consequently dropped the suppliant and assumed the commander, in a tone which at once excited respect and insured obedience, exclaimed, "Marseilles, as you assure me that I possess your confidence, I will prove to you that I deserve it. I therefore declare, that I will not suffer you to dishonour yourself by a base assassination. If the colonel is guilty, the law will render justice. Citizens

and soldiers are not executioners! I request you therefore to retire; as, before you will obtain the head of the colonel, you must deprive me and these brave men of ours!"

Rebellion shrunk from the energetic words and resolute countenance of Bernadotte. His comrades seconded his efforts; assailants had now become protectors; the savage multitude was overawed and dispersed. Heaven rewarded the Hero for this noble act. Passing with rapidity through the several subordinate stages of promotion, he soon obtained the rank of Colonel; and when, in the year 1793, he was appointed to act in the army of the North, he commanded the 72d regiment of infantry of the line.

The fate of his friend, General Goguet, murdered by one of his own soldiers, afforded Bernadotte another opportunity of displaying that superior strength of mind, and intrepidity of character, with which nature had endued him. The day on which the general fell, he went to the regimental camp, in which the assassin, protected by his officers, deemed himself secure. He demanded the murderer of his friend; both chiefs and soldiers refused to deliver him, as they had unanimously agreed that he was not guilty, having only repelled force by force. Bernadotte insisted on his demand; his firmness and rhetoric prevailed; the murderer was arrested, tried, condemned, and immediately shot.

In the year 1794, some discontent prevailed in the advanced-guard of the army stationed on the right bank of the Sambre. A series of rain had rendered the place a morass; a deputation of twelve serjeants was sent as agitators to the general (Kleber) to state their grievances; a serjeant-major was appointed orator. He spoke well;

Kleber heard him with attention: but, without making any reply, sent for their commander Bernadotte; as soon as he arrived he said to him, "Colonel, teach your grenadiers that a camp is not a club." At this time his presence of mind forsook him, and, forgetful of the fate of his friend Goguel, whose death was the consequence of a similar transaction, he dealt the deputies several severe strokes with his sabre, and ordered them to be reconducted to the camp, where the ridicule with which they were treated by their comrades, repressed in them any future inclination to change their quarters; or, at least, if disgust existed, prevented its avowal.

Soon after this transaction, we find Bernadotte acting as a General under Kleber, in the army of the Ardennes; and although the latter was rather sparing of praise, he most unequivocally bestowed it upon the former for his skill in manœuvring, by which he observed, he "had shewn himself worthy to command his brave grenadiers." From this time the exploits of General Bernadotte are so well known, so long have they become history and mingled with the annals both of France and England, that it is unnecessary to thrice the mazes of their military details.

The siege of Charleroy* must, however, form an exception to this general rule, not only for its important consequences, the fall, in most rapid succession, of all the "impregnable," in the Netherlands, but because it forms an epoch in the life of General Bernadotte, and displays an extension of his military genius, which places his character in a new light. At the battle of

Fleurus,* the concomitant consequence of this celebrated siege, Bernadotte maintained the reputation that he had before acquired. When, hard pressed, he cheered his troops, and the word given along the line was, "No retreat to-day;" which it is said, operated like electricity upon the French soldiers, who had, for a moment, dreaded the ignominy of being driven across the Sambre.† At the siege of Maestricht;‡ a concatenatory link in this chain of operations, Bernadotte had no knowledge of subterrene tactics: this he frankly acknowledged, and confided entirely to his artillery and engineer officers: but such is the force of genius, that, in the art of mural attack and defence, he soon rose superior to any of them. He every day, whatsoever might be the state of the weather, visited the trenches, and encouraged the workmen. They entreated him to retire, observing that his risk was great, and the advantage he could derive, little. He replied, that "he considered his soldiers as his children; therefore it afforded him the greatest pleasure to share their dangers, and witness their zeal in the execution of his orders." This kind of behaviour endeared him to his officers and men.

Respected by the Generals, and beloved by the soldiers of France, in the ensuing campaigns Bernadotte greatly distinguished himself. Superior both in arms and politics to Jourdan, under whose orders he acted in 1799, commanding an army of observation, and conduct-

* Fought June 27, 1794.

† A curious circumstance occurred at this battle. A balloon was let loose, which, it is said, hovered over the field, and from which some aerostatic officers gave the signals!

‡ Maestricht surrendered November 5, 1794.

* Captured June 26, 1794.

ing the blockade of Philipsburg, he every day gave fresh proofs of his talents.—The undecided battle of Stockach* induced him, as he saw the situation of Gallic affairs was critical, to push forwards his army of observation; but before he could effect a junction, he was, for once, out-generalled by the Archduke Charles, whose troops, flushed with what they termed the success of the day before, attacked the French on all sides; and having, with great rapidity, forced some posts in the valley near Villingen, Bernadotte, notwithstanding his celerity, could only witness, for it was out of his power to counteract, the disorderly retreat of his countrymen, although his covering army repressed the Germanic ardour, and prevented the slaughter that might otherwise have ensued.

The rise of Buonaparte called the talents of Bernadotte, who served under him through the campaigns of 1796—1797, we think to the treaty of Leoben, more immediately into situations where they could be displayed to still greater advantage: his popularity in France was universal; but among the Parisians, he was, in their hyperbolic diction, said to have been adored.

He was appointed to the elevated situation of Field Marshal, yet, as if to verify the opinion that he only ascended half-way toward the apex of preferment, he was subsequently raised to the dignity of Prince and Duke of Ponte Corvo.†. From this period, it is said that Buonaparte, either from admiration of his talents or fear of his popularity, appeared to be extremely attached to him; be this as it may, while Buonaparte, contemplating in idea the disposal of one of his friends,

by the elevation of Berthier, Prince of Neuchatel, to the throne of Prussia, and the consequent depression of the house of Brandenburg, the death of Prince Augustenburgh, in the year 1811, afforded him an opportunity of really getting rid of a rival whom he at once hated and feared.

The event we have just recorded rendered the election of a new Prince of Sweden absolutely necessary. Various candidates for this high dignity offered themselves; but Buonaparte, sedulous in the cause of his friend, exerted himself with a zeal so much beyond even his usual energy, that he bore down all opposition, and Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo, was consequently elected. At this event the Swedes wondered, because they had understood that a coolness had existed betwixt Buonaparte and Bernadotte, in consequence of the former having, with the impetuosity that distinguishes him, adverted to his having been a private soldier.

A short time after Bernadotte was elected Crown Prince of Sweden, (an event which occurred while he was in Denmark), a deputation of the bishops waited on him, and presented to him a solemn renunciation of the Roman Catholic religion, and also an acknowledgment that he had embraced the tenets of the Lutheran Church. He was then baptized by the names of Charles John. He immediately sailed for Sweden. When he landed at Stockholm, he was attended by a nobleman whom the Diet had commissioned to receive him. As soon as they met they embraced. By some accidents their stars entangled, so that when they attempted to separate, they found it difficult. "Monseigneur," said the nobleman, "*nous nous sommes attachés.*"—"J'espere," answered the Crown

* May 25, 1797.

† 14th December, 1806.

Prince, "*qu'il est pour jamais.*"

The present king of Sweden, in consequence of age and infirmity, is unable to appear in public: therefore, the management of the affairs of government has, of course, devolved upon the Crown Prince. His first care, therefore, was, to restore the military strength of the country, which had not only been greatly reduced, but disorganized, during the unfortunate wars that had preceded. He raised the national army to 50,000 men, besides the supplementary corps, which is supposed to amount to 30,000 more.

He introduced amongst them French uniforms and French tactics. The progress that they have made under so able an instructor may be best estimated by the events that have lately occurred, and by their conduct not only in the battle but in the camp.

The Crown Prince, when a colonel in the French service, and quartered at Marseilles, married Mademoiselle Clary, the daughter of a respectable merchant of that city, by whom he has one son, Prince Oscar.

ANECDOTE OF BUONAPARTE.

When Buonaparte was examining the great pyramid with Denon and others, a messenger arrived at the entrance with information that the Turks had landed in great force on the coast. Without returning to Cairo, Buonaparte ordered Kleber to join him with the troops there as a reserve, as rapidly as possible, and arrived the next night at Aboukir, to command those that had been collected for him.—With his Generals, Lasnes, Murat, Marmont, who accompanied him, were his interpreter and his interpreter's brother, an artist. They were all in the same tent with their commander; and when every thing was arranged for the approaching fight, lay down in their cloaks around him to repose. This artist (from whom I had the anecdote) told me he never in his life was near Buonaparte without being impressed by his profound and terrible head—and now more than ever, the associations being particularly interesting, from the time of night, the approach of a battle, and the General only awake, with a single lamp, he found himself so irresistibly attracted to his features, that he could

not sleep; curious to observe whether Buonaparte would sleep himself, he kept his attitude of apparent repose, and silently fixed his eyes on him with eager and breathless anxiety.

It was now the very depth of midnight, and to the rumbling of artillery, and rattling of arms, had succeeded the most gloomy and horrid silence:—After a considerable pause, during which Buonaparte was hanging over a map, he leaned his spare and fallow cheek on his hand; the lamp glittered on his broad forehead, while his eyes burning in the shadows of their sockets, gleamed with a tense and lustrous fierceness! he looked at his watch, then walked to the door of his tent, and earnestly observed the dark and still horizon; then returned, put his watch on the table, and dwelt on its echoing and solitary tick with irritated agony; in a few minutes he strode again to the opening of his tent, and again returned, for Nature was proceeding with her accustomed regularity, uninfluenced by his turbulent haste. He now took the lamp, and holding it above his head, looked round

upon those who were sleeping; the Artist instantly shut his eyes, and asleep like the rest, while Buonaparte, deceived, replaced the lamp, and, perfectly unconscious of being observed, yielded to his feelings without restraint; his whole frame began to shake with a restless impatience, he seemed weary of waiting the regular process of Nature, he seemed longing to have time and eternity in his grasp, that he might try or controul them as he willed, for his purposes! unable to compose himself, he dug the table with a pair of compasses in agitated spasm, and appeared inwardly to curse the irrevocable limits of time. Excited nearly to madness by his fiery agitation, he rushed once again to the door, when, as if in pity to his victim of passion, the

day dawned on his heated face with a smiling and beaming freshness; the mists of morning were rolling away as the light glittered on their rotundity, and Nature began to awake from her drowsy stupor with a sort of stirring hum, that indicated life, though nothing was heard distinctly. Buonaparte extinguished the lamp, and with an energy that marked his delight, roused his Generals—mounted his horse—rode through his soldiers, telling them “an army of Turks existed near them, and by ten he expected they existed no longer!” The battle shortly afterwards commenced, and by ten, indeed, nothing remained of his gorgeous enemies, but the melancholy and shadowy remembrance!!!

(For the *Monthly Museum*.)

ANCIENT ARCHITECTURE OF IRELAND.

The antiquity of religious buildings in Ireland, is more remote than by the generality of antiquarians, is now admitted. By these it is but too much maintained, that we owe religious architecture to our English invaders. The falsity of this opinion can be thoroughly proved by a careful investigation of our history, as well as of our antiquities. The former will corroborate the latter.

Some few respectable antiquarians indeed agree, that the Irish were not ignorant of these branches of civilization prior to the year 1170. The abbey of Ferns was then in great vogue; the nunnery of St. Mary in Hogges-green; the church of Lusk, and many others.

We do not wish to insinuate that the ancient Irish held the architectural art as intuitive. But as some

assert, (and on good authority too) that northern nations invaded this island, and that religious seminaries were by them planted; we may be more positive in our opinion, that the art, of which we now speak, was communicated to us, by them, and that the primitive inhabitants of Ireland improved it very considerably. It is said that the Irish, in these early ages, compared with other European nations, were in a complete state of barbarism; but these, who say so, tell us also, that they were invaded by a barbarous nation, who introduced a taste for commercial pursuits. Be it so—we grant it readily—then barbarians are brought to teach barbarians—for the sake of complaisance we will allow invaders and invaded to be savages—European savages—who held no carnivals on

the flesh of brothers: and in return for our politeness, we hope it will be admitted, that what the one introduced, the other improved on: a rare characteristic of barbarians. If the Ostmen, or Danes (as they are now called,) built the vaults of Christ's Church, Dermot king of Leinster founded the abbey of Ferns.

The southside of Dublin was not overrun by the Danes; they confined themselves mostly to the district of Fingal. These settlers being given as the introducers of building, they must also be allowed to have improved in the art they taught, and most probably gleaned this improvement from the natives themselves.

This seems the more probable, as antiquity does not give any satisfactory account of the progress of the art. But all persons agree that the present church of Lusk was founded by the Danes; and books tell us that the date of its foundation is posterior to that of these above mentioned. Nay we are positively assured, that the Ostmen built a religious edifice, in Fingal, which they consecrated to their country Saint, Doulach.

We have now laid down an opinion, that the teachers received instructions from those whom they taught; but notwithstanding this, they were not able to divest themselves of their barbarous manners: whilst, on the other hand the Irish,

in the younger ages, were not tainted with their enormities.

But a grand proof of what we now endeavour to prove is the church of Lusk. The architecture of the steeple puts the matter beyond the power of controversy. The only mode of Danish building which remains besides the stone roofed crypt, is the round tower; now the steeple of Lusk church is supported on three of these. But it may be asked, might not the Danes have built these towers; and the steeple be finished by the Irish?

This question might indeed dispense us if we had not literary evidences. But it is answered thus: in one year, the date of which is lost, Sethric, the Danish Prince of Dublin, conferred Lusk church, Ballybough, and other places, on Christ's church; and the places which they gave were settled along the shore, where the maritime Dane sat down: and then the church of Lusk was in good repair. To conclude, the Danish manner of building was, as we have said, a kind of vaulted crypt; near these crypts were the round towers. Now, this precisely agrees with what we have advanced, and can in no place be seen more conspicuous than in the specimen which we have mentioned. Near the steeple is an isolated round tower, and three other towers support the building; if antiquity be examined it will become an universal opinion.

N.

(For the Monthly Museum.)

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE!

INFANCY.

A babe of quality, consigned by mamma to the cares of a nurse—nursy courting—too much engrossed by her own affairs, to attend to mine—scalds my mouth ten times a day with hot victuals—in chang-

ing my clothes, places a pin so judiciously, that the head forms an angle of 45 degrees with my skin—exhibit symptoms of screaming—cross brat—pretty baby—symptoms continue—lovingly hugged by nursery—proportionally tickled by

the pin—symptoms encrease—Lord Betty, what ails the child? nothing my lady, but downright peevishness!!!

BOYHOOD.

Not overblest with capacity—prefer exercise of the body, to exercise of the mind—spent the evening in preparing a kite—school-time approaches—task to be got—master in ill humour—diligently apply to get it—terror conquers attention—see a school-fellow flogged for idleness—sensations!!!

YOUTH.

Fall desperately in love—the lady married—no impediment—the husband old—easily subdued—the intrigue honourable—cuckold laughed at—surprised at length in his wife's arms—an action commenced—damages awarded—unable to pay ditto—consequences!!!

Address a young lady of little beauty, but great wealth—poor creature—perceived her smitten at first glance—better accept her—a cursed thing though to be chained so for life—likes gold, however—discharge two kept mistresses with handsome annuities—feelingly deplore my approaching loss of liberty—wait on the dear creature with a tender of hand, fortune, &c.—expect to see her “all in sweet confusion lost,” and receive the blushing consent of silence—no—she opens her divine lips to answer—Sir, I'm pre-engaged!!!

MANHOOD.

Yoked to a help-mate, whom heaven in lieu of every other talent, has liberally endowed with that of making all around her miserable—spends one half of her time in destroying my peace, and the other in destroying my property—catches cold at length at a gaming table—fever succeeds—glorious prospects—the wished for port of freedom at length appears in view—fever encreases—life despaired of—meet the Doctor coming from her apartment

—cunning dog, he knows how my pulse beats, and hastens to relieve me—well Doctor, is all over; how is my poor wife? I am happy to inform you, Sir, quite out of danger!!!

AGE.

A natural acidity of temper, but little corrected by incessant attacks of the gout—my eldest daughter a romping wench, excessively fond of dancing, skips into the room where I'm suffering the pains of the damned, in the airiest step of her airiest hornpipe, followed by my hopeful heir, just returned from hunting, too full of his amusement to suffer it to sleep long untold—begins an animated description of the chase—carries me, unmindful of my gout, over some dozens of five barred gates—plunges me several times, up to my knees in muddy rivers—(more than once putting me in imminent danger of breaking my neck,) and coming in at the death, concludes his relation with a loud whistle and tally ho—two cursed hounds stationed sentinels at the door, supposing their services required, dash into the room, and bounding right across my toes, throw me into convulsions of agony, while my two affectionate children, are almost choked with stifled laughter—scarce recovered from this shock, when Madam enters, and after a prefatory lecture on oeconomy, and good management, requests immediate payment of a trifling bill for sundry indispensable articles, amounting only to £5000!—young Nimrod taking the hint, advances, and with all due solemnity protests his character is utterly ruined, and that he must either fly his country, or rot in jail, if I don't enable him to discharge certain debts of honor, which I find, amount merely to half the value of my yearly income!!! feelings mental, and corporeal!!!

E. D.

DESCRIPTION OF THE HARTZ FOREST IN GERMANY,
Of the Mines, and their Accompaniment in that District.

[As Hanover has more devolved to the British Crown, we think at the present moment, the following may not be uninteresting to our Readers.]

THE appellation "the Hartz," is generally given to the extent of forest that environs for many leagues the mountain of the Brocken. In this country are situated famous mines of lead, silver, copper, and iron.

The Brocken which, by its geological formation, seems to form the nucleus of this district is entirely granitic, and exhibits the most elevated point of the Hartz. The summit of this mountain, one of the highest in Germany, is 578 fathoms above the level of the Baltic. Its latitude is $51^{\circ} 48'$.

In the neighbourhood of the Brocken several small rivers take their rise: the principal are the Ocker, the Ecker, the Siebe, the Bode, the Socse, the Ysle, and the Oder. The waters from the west of the Brocken run into the Weser; those from the east, run into the Elbe.

The mountains of the Hartz may be considered as an isolated group, not connected with any principal chain: they are limited proceeding from the east to the north, west, and south, by the towns of Blankenburgh, Wernigerode, Goslar, Seesen, Osterode, Hertzberg, Neustadt, and Stolberg; these towns are on the borders of the level country, and form what is called the Lower Hartz.

About one-third of this country is clothed with woods, in which grows abundance of firs (*Pinus Abies*), some oaks, and beeches. The vegetation of the woods languishes on heights situated more than 450 fathoms above the level of the sea; the top of the Brocken

is bare of wood. The aspect of the country is harsh and picturesque; the air is keen, and the temperature extremely variable;—the difference between the cold of winter and the heat of summer is not less than from 25 degrees of Reaumur below zero, to 25 degrees above that point. The winter is long and piercing: the Brocken is covered with snow from the beginning of November to the end of May. The Hartz has no spring season. It yields no grain, no fruits, no pulse; nevertheless, the meadows feed numerous herds of cattle and horses. The grain necessary for the subsistence of man is brought at a great expence from the region: the only occupation is that of working the mines. Here dwell a sturdy and patient people, which for ten centuries have extracted immense riches from the bowels of the earth, yet continue involved in poverty; proud of the dangers attendant on their profession, and of the severities of their climate; and, in short, by a happy consequence of that attachment which has marked their feelings, age after age, this people prefer their mountains and mines to all the rest of the world; and disdain for the most part, so much as to visit the lower regions of the plain.

The population of the Hartz was about ten years ago 22,382 inhabitants, settled in the seven towns of Clausthal, Zellerfeldt, Grund, Willdeman, Lauthenthal, Andreasberg, and Altenau, and in a few villages and establishments. Clausthal is the principal place of the mining district; its population was

7,622 inhabitants; this town, with the six others, has the tide and privileges of a mining town (Bergstadt.) All of them owe their existence to the mines; from four to five thousand men are constantly employed in the labours of the mines, the establishments, and the forests which supply the necessary fuel for the consumption required.

The mines of lead, silver, and copper, are divided into three districts, 1. that of Clausthal and Andreas-Berg; 2. that of Zellerfeld; 3. that of the lower Hartz, near Goslar. The two first include the Upper Hartz. The district of Clausthal and Andreas-Berg has *thirty-nine* great works in full operation; the district of Zellerfeld has *forty-one*. The district of the Lower Hartz consists of the famous works of Ramelsberg, one salt work, one forge, and some iron mines. The mines of the Upper Hartz are almost wrought by companies, which furnish the necessary expences; but under the direction of the officers of the sovereign (the Elector of Hanover,) who also reserves his right as a sovereign. One only, Rosezkoff, near Clausthal, is wrought on account of Government; which with this exception, generally foregoes all productions, and spends considerable sums to promote the prosperity of the mines. The mines of the Lower Hartz were wrought for the mixed account of the Elector of Hanover 4.7ths, and the Duke of Brunswick 3.7ths. A small quantity of gold is obtained from it. The administration of this mine was appointed, each alternate year by those proprietors, respectively.

The general superintendence is confided to an officer who is entitled Berghauptman, "chief of the mines;" in conjunction with the council of mines at Clausthal and Zellerfeld, he regulates the progress of the labours in the mines,

and forests, &c. inspects the expences, and enforces the laws and regulations peculiar to the Hartz. Every thing in this district is rendered subservient to the working of the mines; and the constitution of the country is different from that of the general government of which it forms a part. The administration of justice, in certain cases, is taken out of the hands of the magistrates and conferred on the council of mines. The nomination to places and offices depends for the greater part on the council of mines, and especially on the Berghauptman, who corresponds with the Directory at Hanover, of which he is a member. The inhabitants of the Hartz are exempt from all military duties; and no individual is allowed to settle here, who is not useful, directly or indirectly, to the mining works; or without the sanction of the Berghauptman. The inhabitant is bound to sacrifice his house and his fields or gardens to the progress of the mines, if the council declare it necessary; for this he receives but a very slight compensation.

The greatest depth of the silver and lead mines, is about 500 yards. In the course of the last three centuries twenty great galleries have been formed for carrying off the water, situated at different levels: the deepest, called George-Stollen, is in length 10,450 yards; and passes 288 yards below the church of Clausthal; it was begun in 1777; finished in 1800; and cost about £700,000.

The machines receive their impulse from the waters of *sixty-four* artificial lakes, of which *thirty-two* belong to the district of Clausthal: *twenty-seven* to that of Zellerfeld; *one* is near Ramelsberg; *one* near Lauterberg; and *three* belong to Andreas-Berg. The most remarkable is called Oderteich; which col-

lects the waters of the Oder, and leads them by an aqueduct to the mines of Andrens-Berg. The dyke of this work is formed of blocks of granite of immense size, some of them weighing thirty tons. The surface of this reservoir is upwards of 230,000 yards square. The aqueduct called Rehbergen-Graben is in length near 9000 yards, of which eight hundred pass through a mountain.

The lead ores produced by the Upper Hartz are prepared for fusion in forty-eight great workshops; five large founderies are kept constantly going; the Lower Hartz has three.

The lead, the copper, and other productions are distributed in commerce by a particular Board, known under the name of the Berghandling. The fine silver is coined at Clausthal, where is the only mint in the sovereignty of Hanover; thence it passes into circulation, partly by the payments made to the workmen, partly by the sums due as profit to the share-holders of the undertaking.

Besides its mines of lead, copper, and silver, the Hartz possesses eighty-nine iron mines, and four principal establishments of forges, on which other scattered working places depend. In these are executed all kinds of works in cast or wrought iron. Steel is made there; sheet iron, iron wire, and iron instruments. To these labours in the Lower Hartz are added tin-works, and making of potass, purified sulphur; sulphate of iron, copper, and zinc.

This varied and active industry, the great forms under which nature shews herself, the triumph of art over nature, by means of assistance derived from herself, in short, the striking spectacles presented by the Hartz from the summit of its mountains, amidst its working places, at

the bottom of its mines—these interesting objects every year attract a crowd of travellers into the district.

In addition to what is already enumerated, the traveller contemplates from the top of the Brocken, the turf pits around it, the perpendicular rocks of Schurzcher-Klippe near Elend, of Ilsestein, near Ilseburgh, of Hiebichenstein, near Gruerd; the vallies of the Ocker, of the Oder, of the Siebe; the rocks, the torrents, and the romantic situations of Rostrapp, the immense caverns of Bauman's hole, and of Biel's hole, near Blankenburgh; the cavern of Scharzfeld where were found the famous fossil remains of a rhinoceros, the vast slate quarry between Clausthal and Coslar, the marble quarries near Rubeland, the peat bogs worked for Count Stolberg Rosslar, near Neustadt, another for Count Wernigerode, near Rothe-Sitte; the mine of Manganese belonging to the same nobleman near Hefeld, the manufactory of fire-arms near Hertsberg;—together with the numerous forges belonging—some to the Duke of Brunswick—others to the King of Prussia,—others to Count Wernigerode.

All these varied scenes render this small space a classic region for the naturalist: presenting also, at the same time a field of instruction, connected, uncommon, and interesting.

This district though one of the most important in the Hanoverian dominions has been little known among us. Yet it is very possible that our mineralogists, and those engaged in our mining operations, might find it a school of instruction far from unprofitable. Hitherto we have not drawn all the advantages possible from the foreign dominions of his majesty: but should an intercourse of instruction be es-

established, it might lead to the most useful and important discoveries of the mineral riches of this country; the extent and value of which have never hitherto been duly appreciated. There is, at present, a strong inclination to become better acquainted with them; and those interested will doubtless thank us for

reminding them of a district which is at once gratifying to the naturalist, the traveller, the proprietor of mines, the curious mineralogist, who improves and embellishes his cabinet, and the man of science who desires to become familiar with geology; the works and productions as well as the riches of nature.

For the Monthly Museum.

ON THE CONSTITUTION, AND POLITICAL ECONOMY
OF THE ANCIENT IRISH.

FOR the space of four centuries after the invasion of Ireland by the English, the inhabitants continued in uninterrupted enjoyment of their ancient laws. Nor did this matter enter the consideration of their masters, until the 5th year of the reign of James I. after which period, the observance of them was punished as treason. The knowledge of the ancient constitution of this country may, nay certainly will, prove highly satisfactory to all our countrymen; for he, if such a person there could exist among us, whose heart would not glow with warmth at the account of ancient times as affecting his own native island, is not worthy the name of man. It is not in our power to give this article with that plenitude which it deserves; but we can present it nevertheless with as much accuracy as it has been preserved with.

The Irish monarchs, believing themselves to be descended from Milesius, were all elected to their station, and held it in continual alarm: the most powerful was always king, and he built his greatness on the ruin of his predecessor. They were inaugurated on the *Lia fail*, or stone of destiny, which was held in great estimation for the qualities which it was said to possess. According to tradition, (and who

ever pleases may also say fable,) when the individual who was to be invested sat upon the stone, his royal descent was proved by a rumbling sound which it emitted; and if this noise was not heard, the candidate not being of the royal blood was rejected. In 850, this stone was brought to Scotland by stratagem, and the Scottish kings continued to be crowned on it, until Edward I. removed it to Westminster-abbey, where to this day it remains on the frame under the coronation chair.

Several of the petty princes paid fealty to the supreme monarch, under whom they held their territories; and in an ancient Irish MS. entitled the book of rights, an account is given of certain payments made by the Grand Chief to these inferior Toparchs; and also of the subsidies afforded by these minor chieftains to the king of Ireland.

Next in rank to the monarch was the Tanist, or head of the clans; when this officer died, the Sept assembled; and in order that they should have the protection of prudence and experience, instead of electing his son, they chose the eldest and the worthiest to be his successor. Having been nominated, he is placed on a stone on a hill, where having turned thrice forward and as many times backward;

he swears to preserve all their customs, and to deliver them in peace and purity to his successor. The Tanist was supported by lands which were not subject to Gavel. He was Chief Judge, and Commander of the Forces; and formidable even to the reigning monarchs.

Next to the Tanist were the provincial kings; indeed they were so formidable, that it was only on particular occasions that they would acknowledge the monarch of Ireland their superior. When the English invaded this island, it was divided into not less than seven principalities, and these were governed by their respective Toparchs, who were stiled riagh or kings; under each king were several clans, each of which bore its own name, which it derived from the head, who held his prerogatives and tenures under the prince of his district.

We have now enumerated four ranks of society in Ireland; viz. the Supreme Monarch, the Tanist, the petty Kings, and the chiefs of Septs or Clans; there were also, a fifth, composed of Socage and Villanage tenants, and a sixth of slaves. Thus it is proved by the best authors, that the feudal system formerly prevailed in Ireland, prior to the arrival of the English. "Thro' all the subinfeudations," says Mr. Ledwich; "there was the same obligation of military duty. If any from neglect or perfidy disobeyed the call of their lord, he compelled them by force of arms, or expelled them from their possessions; for they owed military service by their tenure."

So far we have spoken of the various ranks of society in ancient Ireland; let us now take a view of the laws which regulated these bodies.

In Ledwich's *Antiquities*, five Canon Laws are quoted from Mr.

Johnson's translation of the Archbishop of York's exceptions. As these prove to a certainty, that the inhabitants of this island had made considerable advances in Christian knowledge, between the sixth and eight centuries, we feel it our duty to transcribe them in this place for the benefit of those persons, the occupation of whose time in the uninterrupted routine of commercial or other avocations, renders the perusal of voluminous works incompatible with their interest, and contrary to their social duties.

I. Let him who lifts up his hand with spear or sword to strike any man near a Bishop, redeem his hand or lose it; but if he have wounded him too, let him shave his head and beard, and serve God. Yet first let him make satisfaction to the Bishop, and to the party whom he hurt. But if any man hurt a Clerk, or any of the ecclesiastical order; let him make satisfaction seven-fold, in proportion to the order he is of, and do penance according to the dignities thereof; or else let him walk off an exile from his country: for the Lord saith by his prophet, 'touch not mine anointed.'

II. Let restitution four-fold be made for the goods of the Church stolen or plundered; double for the goods of common men.

III. If one have stolen goods from the Church, let the lot be cast, whether the thief's hand be cut off, or be thrown into gaol, there long to fast and mourn. And let him restore what he had taken, or be sent into banishment, and make double restitution. But if he stay in his own country, let him make four-fold restitution, or do perpetual penance.

IV. They who fly to the Church for refuge, ought not to be forced from thence; but their Lords may persuade them to be gone, by promising their intercession. — But if their Lord inflict any punishment on them, when they so go out, let him be deemed an enemy, and excommunicated. If any man do hurt a man under church sanctuary, or under seal of sanctity, let him make seven-fold satisfaction and restitution, and likewise continue seven years in hard penance; otherwise he is to be excommunicated from the whole Catholic Church.

V. Let him who kills a man within the verge of a monastery, get him gone into banishment with damnation; or else quitting his arms and shaving his head, let

him serve God the rest of his life. Yet first let him make satisfaction to God, and the kindred of the party murdered.

Among the laws which operated to the prejudices of Ireland, were these of Tanistry and Gavel kind; indeed on a careful research of antiquity, they seem to be peculiar to this island. The former may be understood by the description of Tanistry, which we have given in the preceding part of this article; the latter is somewhat different.—Tanistry gave a person authority but for life. Gavelkind, though subordinate to the other, entailed power as well as property in families; and by this law no person could forfeit his lands; nor did these tenures escheat in case of attainder or felony.

Death was a punishment almost unknown among the Irish; even

murder was expiated by composition. When any litigation took place, it was decided by the Brehon or Judge: this officer took his seat between the parties, and determined the cause by the collection of whatever documents he could receive. When a person was convicted, he was obliged to make restitution proportioned to his guilt. This composition was divided into three parts, one of which became the property of the family aggrieved, another went to the Lord of the Vassal, and the third to the Judge.

Campion, Spencer, Stanishurst, and others assert, that these laws were traditional, and that they never were committed to writing; other writers say, that the Brehons judged by the advice of certain men of letters.

For the Monthly Museum.

THE ABBEY OF ST. MARY IN HOGGES-GREEN.

IN 1146, Dermot, son of Murchard king of Leinster, founded an abbey for nuns of the Augustine order, in a village called Hogges, near Dublin, on the scite of the present parish church of St. Andrew. Archbishop Gregory, and Malachy, Primate of Armagh, were directors of the building; and afterwards patronized it very amply. In 1151, the founder subjected to this house the cells of Killechlin in the county of Kilkenny, and Athaddy in the county of Carlow.

A conspiracy was entered into by the Irish, against the English shortly after their arrival in the island; but the humanity of these nuns, secreted many of the settlers in this abbey. This act called forth the gratitude of King John, who made extensive gifts to the establishment. In 1277, Sir Robert Baggot, the

founder of an house for White Friars, (from which Whitefriar-st. derives its name,) granted to this nunnery three acres of arable land, situated at Baggotrath*, in exchange for a messuage and curtilage in the suburbs of Dublin, yielding to him and his heirs, a pair of gloves annually, or three pence in lieu of all services. Mary Guidon was last abbess. On the 1st of December, in the 6th year of Edward VI. this house and its appurtenances, were granted for ever to James Sedgrave, at the annual rent of 11s. 8d.

* Baggotrath or Castle Baggot, was situated where Upper Baggot-street is now built; the remains of the castle were taken down a few years ago. This was the headquarters of Col. Jones, who defeated the Duke of Ormond at Rathmines, in the year of Christ 1649.

COLLECTANEA.

Mentz, or Mayence.—As this place will be probably attacked by the Allies, pursuing Buonaparte over the Rhine, the following particulars may not be uninteresting:—Mentz is one of the keys of the Empire. It is situate at the confluence of the Rhine and the Main, and its *tele-de-pont* is covered by Cassel. It was taken by Custine in the month of October, 1792, and on the 6th of January, 1793, it was besieged on the side of Cassel by 60,000 Prussians. There are many defensible small islands about it. In 1793, Gen. Kieher attacked and took it, and it was again retaken by the allies, but was finally secured to France in 1797.—N. B. Mentz cannot be starved except by a double blockade.

Hurricane.—An American Paper states, that Long Island was visited by a terrible hurricane on the 16th of August, on the morning of which day the weather had every appearance of an approaching hurricane: it blew fresh, and the winds rapidly increased, with sharp showers of rain. At ten o'clock it was no longer possible to walk; from this time till eight it increased, at which time the convulsion of the element was most awful, and the gale continued raging till midnight, in the most furious manner, when it moderated gradually.—Towards day-light a scene presented itself which baffles all description, *not one green leaf was to be seen on the face of the country*, nor was a tree or shrub remaining in an upright position, all being either bent, broken, or torn up by the roots; cattle were blown down in the open fields, many of which never recovered their feet, but were driven from place to place, until they were bruised to death; others were blown into the sea and drowned. Some cattle belonging to a planter on the island, have been found washed on the beach, at the distance of ten miles from their pasture. During this hurricane the wind blew from N. N. E. round to S. E. without any lull: the sea, on the north side was high beyond every thing, and has broken into the fields in many places, round the east and south end, where it was never before known to have been in the memory of man.

Indian Warriors.—The Prince Regent has agreed to allow the following claims to the Indian warriors, in regard to head-money, for prisoners of war brought in by them, with a view to restrain the Indians from murdering such Americans as may be taken by them in the war in Canada. The terms were proposed to Government by a

Board, of which Major-General Vincent was president, which assembled at Kingston on the 20th of August:—

To a Chief for the loss of a limb, 100 dollars a-year in money or presents.—

To a Warrior for ditto, 70 dollars a-year.

To the Widow of a Chief, 200 dollars.

To the Widow of a Warrior, 140 dollars.

The Board have also agreed to allow the Indians a share in the prize money for the capture of Detroit.

Discovery of Beds of Coal.—His Majesty's ships Spitfire and Bonne Citoyenne, on a recent cruise off the coast of Greenland, discovered two distinct strata of coal in the cliff on the north-east end of Bear Island. The upper layer is of superior quality: the under one was ponderous and full of sulphur, but burned well.—Some metallic ore, supposed to be tin, was mixed with the latter. Bear Island is in lat. 74. 28. long. 18. 30. E. good anchorage all around, and easy of access, except to the south-east, where the coast is high and rocky. The island is about twelve miles in diameter, barren, having on it a few bears and foxes, and a quantity of aquatic fowl.

Forensic Anecdote.—At the assizes of Oxford, in the year 1577, the judges, gentry, and almost all that were present, to the number of 300, were killed by a poisonous steam, thought by some to have broken forth from the earth; but Lord Bacon supposed it to have been brought by the prisoners from the gaol into the court; as it was observed that they alone were not injured by it.

Physical Anecdote.—On the 30th April, 1730, an extraordinary phenomenon appeared to the inhabitants of Brecon, in South Wales. It was three suns, the real and natural one, which was brightest, in the centre; the others, one on each side opposite to each other, and by outward appearances equidistant from the central one. They did not shine quite so bright as the real sun; but seemed of a deeper red, and the clouds about them reflected the same hue. They seemed to send out several sparks, and suddenly vanished.

Wealth amassed.—The well known Jew banker, Meyer, died last month at Copenhagen. He was immensely rich. He has left to his heirs 80 millions of Danish paper money, besides plate, Jewels, cash, private and public securities. Excluding the paper money, the property is valued at half a million sterling.

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Social Economy, and the Useful Arts.

NOTICES

OF RECENT INVENTIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

MR. JOSEPH RAYNOR's, (*of Sheffield*), *for improved Machinery for roving and spinning Cotton, Silk, Flax, and Wool.*—Dated January 1, 1813.

THIS invention is intended to produce in the process of spinning cotton, silk, flax, wool, by machinery, a roving excelling in softness and evenness what can be obtained by any machinery hitherto known to produce a like effect in the progress of spinning. The improved effects result from the application of a series of wheels, called graduated wheels, operating upon, and varying the speed of the bobbin, the wheels being accommodated to the progressive encrease upon the cylindric part or barrel of the bobbin, such increase being occasioned by the successive layers of coils or windings of the roving or thread covering each other on the bobbin.

Roving of cotton, worsted, flax, and silk, is a stage of process between the early stage of preparation and the process of actual spinning into yarn or thread. It constitutes the conversion of the material acted upon from a state analogous to that of a lock of wool (of even thickness throughout its length) to a slightly-twisted or spun-line rolled round a bobbin; that is, the operation of roving, which brings the material to the state in which it is put upon the spinning frames. In the prevailing modes of making a roving, the material is subjected to an irregular pull or drag, fatal to the evenness of the yarn or thread to be spun. The spinning process may be defined to be a

process of thinning, lengthening, and twisting. The encrease of length, obtained by this process (technically called spinning) may be from eight to fifteen times the length of the roving. The importance of embodying an equal quantity of cotton fibre throughout the whole line of roving is, therefore, apparent; and that result can only be obtained by the perfect adaptation of the machinery. The regulation of the roving bobbin, so as to produce upon it a speed varying in the proportion required to meet the encrease of the coiling surface as the bobbins fill, has therefore occupied a large share of the attention of spinners and mechanics connected with them, from the infancy of machine spinning. Few, who have in any degree considered the subject, have failed to direct their mind strongly to the point. Many experiments have been made; and there are, as the offspring of these efforts, indeed, several ingenious modes of governing the bobbin in use; but so far as my information extends, they are defective both in principle and practice.

The design of the frame in question is the correction of this evil; by the slide of the wheel upon the grooved shaft from the first wheel of the series to the last, in regular and accurate succession, as the bobbin receives its successive layer of coil it will be perceived that the increase of speed is produced upon the bobbin in proportion to the size of each respective wheel of the series; those wheels must therefore, of course, be calculated to meet

the facts of each case; and the calculation and execution being accurate, it is obvious that the end proposed is attained—that there is no more pull upon the fibre of the material in the last than in the first coil, and consequently the source of error in machine spinning is removed.

The contingent advantages are many, but chiefly the unexampled softness and openness of the roving, presenting advantages which the most intelligent on the subject will the most highly appreciate. But the additional extent to which machine spinning may be carried under the possession of an even, a fine, and a very soft roving, can only be determined by actual experiment, which time has not yet afforded the means of instituting.

Among the minor, but not unimportant, advantages of this frame may be mentioned,—the facility with which it works—the little labour it requires in tending—and the almost entire absence of waste.

Specification of the Patent granted to CHARLES GOODWIN, of Finsbury-Terrace, in the County of Middlesex, Factor; for an improved Socket for a Candlestick, consisting of a Spring or Springs, by which any Candle, Rush-light, or Taper, without any Paper or other Thing being put round it, may be fixed and secured in such Socket, and which Socket is adapted for the Use of any Description of Candlestick, and also a Self-Extinguisher, to be fixed to the same, by which the Light may be extinguished at any Time. Dated June 26, 1813.

THE socket is formed of a flat thin piece of metal, to one end of which a small dove-tailed piece of metal is attached or made fast, by any suitable means; say by two

rivets. To the other end is also fastened, by rivets, a little bar of metal, not of a dove-tailed form, but a little longer than the breadth of the metal piece, and furnished with a cross head, or what workmen call a tee part, in which are shewn two holes, for rivets or screws, by which to attach the whole to the nozzle. In the tee part is fixed a stud or pin, which serves to hold the socket steady in its place when expanded in the top of the shaft or in the capital. When the socket is put into the candlestick the said dove-tailed piece slides into a corresponding recess, which serves to catch and retain the said piece in its place in the candlestick or its capital.

In place of the sockets usually employed in the candlesticks in common use, a piece of metal is employed, more or less elastic, coiled up in the form of a spiral of one revolution and a half, which is attached to the nozzle, and by its elasticity embraces the candle that may be put into it, rendering the introduction of ribbons or paper, to keep the candle upright, altogether unnecessary.

From the foregoing description, any competent workman would be able, without farther directions, to avail himself of said improved socket, the efficacy or utility of which does not depend on any particular manner of attaching the socket, which I have described, to the nozzle or to the candlestick, but on the property which such a socket possesses of adapting itself to the size of the candle.

The self-extinguisher is a little apparatus consisting of two circular plates of metal, with a cylindrical tubular edge or hook on one or both of them, serving to join the two plates as a little thin box, and each of them perforated with a round hole, of sufficient diameter

to allow the apparatus to pass over a candle. In the space between the plates a spring is placed, which, by the action of a little lever, may be moved back, and kept upon the strain till the apparatus is put over the candle, and placed at any length of tallow from the flame, which it is intended shall be consumed before the light is to be extinguished. This extinguisher being put in its place, and the body of the candle forming the resisting medium by which the spring is prevented from returning by its own action to its place of rest, as soon as the tallow is consumed low enough, the spring will, by its own elasticity, pass through the diameter of the candle, pressing down the wick, in its passage, into the melted tallow, and extinguishing the flame. Or, in place of a spring only, a little lever or tumbler may be introduced, connected with a spring to give it action; which shall be pulled across the candle by the spring attached to it, or acting upon it, when the tallow is consumed down to the part of the candle at which the extinguisher is fixed. The modes of executing and making the self-extinguisher may be varied indefinitely, at the pleasure of the workman, if he only keep in his recollection, that whatever mechanical arrangement he may adopt, the end in view is, that a lever, spring, plate, or any suitable contrivance shall pass through the diameter of the candle by the action of a spring, when the tallow is burnt sufficiently low to cease to offer farther resistance to the action of the spring.— Or, in place of a spring, a lever, or bar, or plate, may be drawn across the diameter by means of a string and weight acting over a small pulley; but a spring being more compact, is preferable,

Method of preparing fine Green and Blue Colours.

Green.

Equal parts of good verdeggris and cream of tartar are pulverised in a mortar; eight of water are poured on it, and the whole is left to digest for eight days at a mild heat in a bottle. The solution is afterwards filtered, and eight parts of the weight of the verdeggris of gum arabic is added to it, the vessel being kept at a gentle heat until the gum is dissolved; a very fine green colour is obtained by this means, which is rendered more clear, or more deep according to the degree of evaporation.

Blue.

Some of the best indigo is pounded in a glass or earthenware mortar, and then four times its weight of concentrated sulphuric acid is poured on it, and when the whole has been well stirred together, the mixture is left at rest for twenty-four hours in a bottle.

To this mixture nearly black, is added twelve times its weight of rain water, and this solution is filtered through a double linen cloth.

To know the quantity of potash necessary to neutralise the portion of sulphuric acid employed, a small quantity of the latter is diluted in water, and then saturated with potash.

The necessary quantity of potash is afterwards dissolved in water, the solution is filtered and poured into the solution of indigo: this mixture begins to ferment briskly, and it deposits, very slowly, a blue precipitate, extremely fine. The clear fluid is decanted, and the precipitate washed with warm water, until it is absolutely without taste. The precipitate thus edulcorated, is dried upon plates of earthenware,

and in this state it presents a very fine blue colour, which is very improperly called *carmine blue*.

If this precipitate, while yet fluid, be mixed with a solution of gum-arabic, a very fine blue liquid is obtained from it.

New Method of dyeing Silk of a Yellow Colour.

Into eight parts of pure water pour, drop by drop, one part of smoking nitrous acid. The mixture becomes heated from 25 to 35 degrees of Reaumur. Afterwards take the silk stuff, which must be previously soaked in water, and put it into the acid solution in such a manner as to completely saturate it, and at the end of an hour and a half it must be taken out, without being squeezed. The silk having a slight yellow tint, is put, still without squeezing, into a solution, made of one part of pure potash and eight parts of water. It is often turned in this alkaline solution, in order to saturate it equally: in ten minutes it acquires a fine golden yellow colour, very brilliant and very solid. It is then taken out to be washed in pure water, and when it is half dry it is pressed.

This process is not expensive, for the nitre can be taken from the lessives employed, and the silk loses none of its solidity.

A new Method of transporting with Facility and Expedition the Earth and Rubble in forming Banks, Ditches, &c.

A German agricultorallist having to raise a bank in a short time, invented the following method of carrying the earth in preference to the use of wheelbarrows or carts; which appears very ingenious, and, which besides saving time, is less expensive, and requires fewer hands.

He raises two strong posts, leav-

ing between them a space of 30 metres, and stretches tightly from one to the other an inclined cord along which a bucket of earth is to descend; the height of the bucket determines the inclination of the cord, one end of which is attached to the first post, three metres and a half high, and the other to the second post, so that the bucket cannot touch the ground and be arrested in its course.

The inclined cord carries a muffle furnished with a double hook, to which the bucket is suspended; the pulley, the diameter of which is small, should have a very deep groove, in order that it may not turn on the cord when the bucket is raised, and that it may be constantly maintained in a vertical position.

Several pulleys may be placed on the cord, to which any number of buckets may be suspended, provided it is strong enough to sustain them. When the buckets arrive at the end of their course they are unhooked and emptied. In order to take them back again, two other posts are fixed, and a cord stretched from one to the other, and inclined in a direction opposite to the first; the muffle is detached and placed on this cord, and as soon as the bucket is suspended on the hook, by giving it a slight push, it runs in the direction of the cord to its destination.

Where it is required to remove the materials to a greater distance, the posts may be placed further off, or several may be fixed at successive distances, so that the buckets may be brought to the desired situation by unhooking them from one side and suspending them from the other. It requires two men to fill the bucket and hook it to the pulley; one is sufficient to unhook and empty it.

This method is economical, because fewer hands are required than when wheel-barrows are used, which are besides subject to the

inconvenience, that when the ground is soft, or after rain, the wheels often sink very deep into it, which very much delays the work.

For the Monthly Museum.

ELEMENTS OF CHEMISTRY.

IMPRESSED with the fullest conviction of their utility, and aided by the experience of the first cotemporary philosophers, we now proceed to lay before our readers an account of the arcana of Nature. Nothing is calculated more to raise the mind to the contemplation of the ineffable greatness of the Creator, than the due investigation of created matter.

Man indeed is naturally inclined to examine those things which to him are wonderful; and it is this desire which has led to the propagation of scientific knowledge.—Whatever may have been the state of nature, certain it is, (at least so far as we witness,) that it is benefited very much by the cultivation of art; and art in like manner is directed and connected by the instructions of science.

According to a modern celebrated writer, philosophers have divided science into two branches: the first, that which comprehends all events connected with sensible motion; and this they have called natural, or mechanical philosophy; the second, all those appearances which are not caused by any sensible motion; and this they have termed Chemistry. Both these branches call imperatively on our attention; but Chemistry, as by it we learn to convert seemingly inert matter to the most active purposes; to encrease our dominion over organic substances, and to extend our exertions to benefit mankind, has universally become a study admired and adored. Such a science then demands our strictest regard.

Chemistry, in the dark ages, was not entirely unknown. In those days the Alchymists were occupied in searching for the method of converting every thing to gold; such was the rapacity of the times, and such was the corruption of the manners, that individual aggrandisement was the *primum mobile*, the mainspring of their actions, that the benefit of mankind was esteemed inferior to the whimsical quest of the philosophers stone. Thus was the noblest of all science buried in oblivion, until Stahl edited the *Physica Subterranea* of Beccher, which he greatly simplified with observations of his own. Chemistry now became the chief study on the continent; but in Britain it still slept neglected, until Doctor Cullen became professor in Edinburgh, in 1756. His researches, his experiments, and his talents, were the great powers which called into action the faculties of the age. From that time to the present, this science has been in a progressive state of improvement, and it has now arrived at such a pitch of perfection among us, as to astonish even the continental nations. Nor is it likely that it can yet be nearly arrived at its ultimatum of perfection. From being an object of literature, it has become an attractive pleasure; every mind is occupied in its pursuit, and every heart beats with the wish of adding a beauty to its collection.

It is therefore our intention to present our readers, with an introduction to the science as it now stands; and whatever new disco-

veries may be made, we will exert ourselves, that through us, they may be communicated to the public: and we humbly request all ladies and gentlemen, who are interested in the advancement of Science in these countries, to communicate the results of their industry to our circulating pages.

GENERAL PRINCIPIA.

1. The object of Chemistry is to ascertain the component parts of bodies; to examine the compounds; and to investigate the nature of the uniting power.

2. Bodies are either simple or compound. Simple bodies are those which cannot be separated into others more simple; and compound bodies are those which are composed of simple bodies in their different proportions.

3. All bodies must be considered simple, until their component parts are ascertained.

4. Analysis or decomposition, is the art of separating the component parts of bodies.

5. Synthesis is the process by which compound bodies are formed by the union of other compounds, or of simple bodies.

6. By the agency of heat and mixture, all substances may be decomposed.

7. Heat is the most powerful chemical agent; it enters into the pores of bodies, and by its expanding force produces decomposition.

8. The power which occasions chemical combinations is called *affinity*; and the appearances which bodies present, are proportioned to this attractive force.

9. As we shall hereafter have occasion to speak of solution and mixture, it is requisite to state, that the one is transparent, the other is opaque and turbid.

10. Fluids will dissolve soluble substances to a certain quantity;

when so much is dissolved that any other addition will not be acted upon, but will fall unaltered to the bottom; the solution is said to be saturated.

11. This limit is called the point of saturation.

12. Chemical affinity is the law according to which bodies of a different nature may be made to unite with each other, and produce bodies of a different nature also.

We shall now commence with simple bodies.

It is very probable that these substances, which we consider simple, may in reality be complete compounds; but according to our third maxim, they must be looked upon as simple until proved to be otherwise. Therefore in speaking, of simple bodies, we labour under very great uncertainty; for at the very time when our little epitome is about to be made public, some new result of experiment may appear, which renders our endeavours futile. Thus has Sir Humphrey Davy decomposed many substances, and informed the world of his successful labour, in the very time when such discoveries were almost despaired of.

Simple bodies are divided into two classes, viz. those which can be confined in closed vessels, and those which are not confinable by reason of their greater subtilty.

To acquire a knowledge of the unconfinable, it will be necessary first to examine the nature of the confinable bodies. In numbers these last amount to thirty-five; and are classed as follows:—

1. Simple supporter of combustion.
2. Simple combustibles.
3. Simple incombustibles.
4. Metals.

By simple supporter of combust.

tion, we mean those substances which must be present before the commencement of burning. We know of several compound supporters of combustion; but only one simple supporter has as yet been

discovered. This is oxygen, which is a subject so important in Chemistry, that it is necessary to commence our system with its description. This shall appear in our next.

GENERAL ACCOUNT OF THE NATURE OF THE SOIL IN THE COUNTY OF DUBLIN.

[Concluded from page 97.]

Besides these soils, already mentioned, there are others which are applied to mechanical purposes; we allude to freestone-sand. Of this there are several varieties; 1st, the white freestone, specimen of which are found at Ballynascorney: 2d, a white impalpable sand, found at the brakes of Glassamucky: 3d, common freestone, or rotten fire stone; the best specimen of this is found in a cave near the sea shore at Dalky, Glassamucky, Kilmasheoge, and at the Man of War; the first and third sorts are mostly used in scouring; but the second is applied to clean brass or silver.

Any of these sands may be used in architecture; but it must be observed, that the last species is not so properly adapted to fine work as the others. Though this is a purpose to which all sands may be turned, yet that taken from the beds of fresh water streams, is by far the best. Sand is also employed in the manufacture of flint glass.

At Miltown, Lazer's-hill, Knockmaroon, and in the Dodder at Rathfarnham, the *Arena*, *Crassior*, *Lutes*, *Hellis* of Hill, better known by the name of Fuller's sand, is plentifully found. From the property which this sand possesses of vitrifying with lead, it has become an article much used in the formation of earthen vessels. It lessens the expense attending this branch of

trade, by diminishing the quantity of lead; it is generally used in proportion of one part to two of calcined lead.

The most prevalent soil in the county of Dublin is clay; of this there are two principle varieties; viz. the yellow and the white. Clay when unassisted is utterly incapable of reimbursing his expences to the farmer; but when properly managed amply repays him. Brick clay, and Fuller's earth if sufficiently burnt, so as to assume the form of a reddish powder, and mixed with dung, make an excellent manure for light soils. On account of the scarcity of dung at Rush, the inhabitants prepare a compost, by mixing straw and seaweed well rotted together with sand and clay: and this is found to answer the purposes of husbandry, the more, because it is more readily obtained, and at less expense than most other manures.

One of the most important uses to which clay is converted, is brick making. The bricks made in the county of Dublin have been less esteemed than these imported from England; and this seems to be owing less to the calcareous earth contained in the clay of this county, than to the imperfect mode of manufacture. The English having cut their bricks, generally expose them to the action of the atmosphere,

for the space of nine or ten months before they place them in the kiln to be burnt. Within these some few years past, however, the Irish seem to have come in upon the art; and now threaten rivalry to their neighbours.

Clays are also much used in the potteries; those procured at Merriam and Baldoyle, and mixed together in certain proportions, answer this purpose best. The yellow and red clays owe their colours to some admixture of iron; but these are destroyed by aquafortis.

Among the different articles of manure in the county of Dublin, turf seems to be not the least inconsiderable. It is particularly adapted to stiff and tenacious ground. Its action is entirely mechanical; being composed of fibrous matter, it insinuates itself among the more sluggish particles of the clay, to which it is applied;

draining, however, is a very serious consideration which must be had regard to early.

But the last and decidedly one of the best manures, as well from its magnetic properties, as from the circumstance of its generating nitre, is lime stone gravel. It is composed of masses of stone, pebble, or sometimes slate or ragstone, cemented like mortar. It is lately introduced as an article of manure; and, as several old pits of it are found open, it does not seem to be so much a new discovery as an old practice revived. It answers in light soils; but in stiff situations, in bogs, and in mountains, it is invaluable: like turf, however, its beneficial effects will be greatly influenced by previous draining. It melliorates the earth; and, where it is applied, the crops are generally doubled.

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For the Monthly Museum.

FARMERS' CALENDAR FOR JANUARY.

GREAT care must now be taken of ewes which are about to lamb; particularly in regard to cleanliness. In this season of the year, sheep derive more nourishment from turnips than from any other food; but the baiting them requires considerable judgment. If they grow on dry land they are best eaten there; but if they are reared on wet ground, they must be pulled and drawn to a place less moist, as the manure which would result from the unconsumed parts, renders damp soils more so; but on dry lands this objection is not only entirely removed, but much benefit is derived; for by the putrefaction of the vegetable matter, the ground

is brought nearer to the standard of cohesion, and answers well for a crop of barley to succeed. A less quantity of sheep can be supported on a turnip field, than might be fed by carrying the food to them on a dry soil. It might therefore be economical to raise a crop of turnips on moist land; after which, manuring with lime or sandy marl might be resorted to with great advantage. In severe weather this feeding will not be sufficient. Some farmers add oilcakes, &c. but very seldom sheep will refund this expense; hay is at all times good, and turns very much to account.

Except in winter, folding sheep

though in themselves great, the only to be derived; for, by this practice, the sheep are not only defended from predatory booters, but if kept clean, they will remain entirely free of disease.

In speaking of the management of the farm yard, it may not be unnecessary to state that perfect cleanliness is indispensably necessary to the preservation of the health of cattle.

The pernicious custom of feeding black cattle on straw has been but too prevalent: for the object of winter feeding should be either to fatten, or to keep up the produce. Now straw is food that will answer neither one end nor the other; it lets down the beasts that are in good condition; and puts back these which are productive. Some persons have imagined this food wholesome for young cattle; but when given by itself it stunts them in their growth, and renders them impoverished afterwards: indeed straw can only be admitted as an article of food, with the least apparent safety, to the cattle that have been brought into the farm yard from mountain or very poor pastures. But although straw by itself should be precluded, yet when in a state of combination with hay or chaff it makes the best provender, particularly if it be that sort of straw which is produced from beans: in fact the manure made from this species of straw, is worth from £2 to £3 per acre.

Springers should in general be fed on green food; but, after they always proves disadvantageous; but in that season they should be brought into a dry yard and kept well littered. This practice will amply repay the trouble and expense by the profits of the manure produced from dropping and the straw. Nor are these profits,

have calved, some chaff may be allowed. Indeed we are most friendly to the use of chaff in the farm yard; for, according to the calculations of the best and most experienced farmers, half of the produce of the dairy is lost in hay, which consequently renders the profits very small.

If calves be fit for weaning, they should be fed with slet milk and beans, oats, cabbage, or carrots. These, and all cattle, should be kept perfectly dry and clean.

The dairy being the depot of a considerable part of our nourishment, and, also of our luxury, becomes one of the most important objects of care in the rural economy. The neatness of the vessels as well as the matters with which they are charged, should be constantly more than enquired after. It is rather a nicety to know in what description of vessels milk should be deposited. Some persons are partial to leaden trays, others to porcelain: the former are composed of a metal, the properties of which are perfectly ascertained to be extremely noxious; and the latter, though very suitable in summer, are, nevertheless, on account of their inability to support an aqueable temperature in the winter season, highly objectionable. This desideratum, however, may be effected by having recourse to deal coolers; for as it is best to mix some warm water with the milk when straining it, the wood, a non conductor of caloric, confines a degree of heat for a certain time. To dismiss the subject of the dairy it will be necessary to say, that in packing firkins of butter, the upper part of each layer should be left uneven, so that the cast of the succeeding churning may lie closer;—some salt is requisite to preserve butter; but a hint by the way—two pints is sufficient for each firkin.

Some sows may be now about to pig; they are very profitable, and therefore peculiar care should be taken to keep the sty clean. They should be fed with dairy-wash, potatoes, carrots, parsnips and cabbage. After they have pigged, some wash should be made with meal; but in this season it is best mixed with some boiled vegetables. Winter pigs are in general not so profitable as these littered in a milder part of the year; but with proper attention they may turn out to advantage. Their weaning is best effected by feeding them on bean soup, which is made of boiling 6 pecks of beans in a hogshead of water.

Threshing is a branch of farming business which can never be neglected in large establishments. The chaff, being laid in a brick building, (as these are less liable to fire,) and sprinkled with water, undergoes a process of fermentation, which greatly encreases its nutritious properties.

In fine weather draining is a work to which particular regard must be paid. This is most readily performed with a plough, and then widened and sunk with a spade, sufficiently to carry off any water which might lodge on the land. Draining, indeed, is one of the stamina of farming; the best ground will require it, the dampest will be benefited by it.

This is a proper time to plant beans, carrots, parsnips, and potatoes. Let the barley and wheat stubble lie; then, with manuring and ploughing, you may put in your seeds. By this process the ground is mellorated by the atmosphere, and enriched with dung of its own vegetable matter, and the

seeds planted will grow sooner and stronger, than they would by the ordinary method of sowing.

But that branch of farming, which of all others is most important, is the constant application of manure. Many articles are used for this purpose, among the most particular of which are marl, clay, chalk, and lime. In some cases clay is better adapted for the purposes of manuring than marl; but as to chalk and lime, they possess precisely the same properties. In what soils these several manures will be most likely to succeed, will be found by enquiring of our account of the soil of the county of Dublin. It is however necessary to state in this place, that lime is most effective in boggy and uncultivated situations: it can be burnt at all times; but is most advantageously applied in spring and summer. The custom at present is to use lime in the calcined state; and this seems to be so, because, 1stly, in that state it is easily reduced to powder—and 2dly, its causticity tends to destroy vegetable substances.

Town manures have been in much dispute; it is asserted that their profits are not equivalent to their expense; but however this may be, experience, arising from physical causes, assures us, that though the expense attending their use is great, yet the profit which they produce is great also; but in general it is necessary that they should be combined with other matter.

We shall conclude the calendar for this month, by stating, that, if there be a prospect of much work in the ensuing months, oats may now be sown with perfect safety.

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A VISIT TO THE PHILADELPHIA PRISON, &c.

(Continued from page 96.)

THESE cells for solitary confinement are contained in a brick building of two stories, raised upon arches, and early directed by the legislature to be built for the purpose of this mode of punishment.—In number they are sixteen, and from their peculiar construction and solitary situation, appear to be better calculated to bring an offender to a review of himself and conduct, than any punishment that can possibly be contrived. The dimensions of them are eight feet in length, six in breadth, and ten in height, with no ground floor, strong thick partition walls and arched over with brick. They are all ranged along passages five feet wide, in the first and second stories of the building. The entrance at the head of each stair-case is well secured, by a strong door with locks and bolts, and the entry to each passage with two other doors, one of wood, fastened by a chain to another of iron. To each cell, again, there is a wooden and iron door, the latter secured by a long bar, fitting a staple in the wall, about two feet from the door and fastened, some of them with padlocks, and others by bars running through the staples down to the floor. In every cell there is one small window, placed high up and out of the reach of the convict; the window well secured by a double iron grating, so that, provided an effort to get to it was successful, the person could perceive neither heaven or earth, on account of the thickness of the wall, and a lower outside admitting the light in an oblique direction from above.—The criminal, while confined here, is permitted no convenience of

bench, table, or even bed, or any thing else but what is barely necessary to support life, without a risk of endangering his health. A privy is placed at one corner of his apartment, leading to the common sewer communicating with the river, which may be cleansed at pleasure by turning a cock fixed to a pipe: this pipe is conveyed to a cistern, placed in the upper part of the building, near the roof, filled with water by a pump descending through the entries of each story to a well under the building. The situation of these cells is high and healthy, not subject to damps, as dungeons under ground generally are. They are finished with lime and plaister; white-washed twice a year; and in every respect as clean as any part of the prison. In winter, stoves are placed in the passages, to keep the cells warm, from which the convicts may receive a necessary degree of heat, without being able to get at the fire. No communication whatever between the persons in the different cells can be effected, the walls being so thick as to render the loudest voice perfectly unintelligible; and as to any other sound, excepting the keeper's voice, and the unlocking of doors, they seldom hear. That the criminal may be prevented from seeing any person as much as possible, his provisions are only brought him once a day, and that in the morning.

We may conceive what an effect the punishment of being confined in one of these cells must have on a refractory offender. For, besides every consideration of a dreary solitude and a want of comfort, and which must necessarily produce in a mind, thus forced to its own me-

ditations, an uneasy remembrance of the convicts' crime and errors; there is added a more painful one; that is, only half an allowance of provisions, consisting of bread and water. The utility of the punishment has been fully demonstrated by experiment, for a prisoner was seldom known to continue long in a cell, before he has early become sensible of the difference of his situation, and would willingly have returned to that regularity of conduct and industry, which his misguided folly had induced him to depart from. Several of the most hardened and audacious criminals, on whom all other modes of discipline were attended with effects the very reverse of what they were designed to produce, and who in fact were held as objects incapable of amendment, have been, by the simple punishment of *solitary confinement*, transformed into such a calmness of disposition, as to have become entire new beings, and the least troublesome afterwards among the prisoners.

As to the quantum of confinement necessary to reform a prisoner, it is determined at the discretion of the jailer, who is, notwithstanding, obliged to inform the inspectors as soon as convenient. For a criminal who refuses to labour, it is generally forty-eight hours, and for other offences in a like proportion, according to the exigence of the case. It operates extremely to the prejudice of a convict to undergo this punishment, as he incurs by it a loss of the expenses of his board, washing and lodging, which are still charged to his debt, and to make up which, must consequently render his industry and services the greater after being again employed.

Government or the public contribute not one shilling towards the maintenance of the jailer, &c. or to the payment of salaries, and other

expenses. The money is simply advanced by them. The additional costs which must naturally attend, in another country, a reform after the example of Pennsylvania, from building a suitable jail and penitentiary house, might present itself to numbers as an obstacle of moment, and no doubt has already had an influence on the minds of such part of the legislatures of other states, as at present seem but half disposed for an alteration in their criminal codes. But this consideration ought to yield to another more weighty. The expense can at all events be only temporary, and would be far less to the government in the result. By the books and accounts of the Philadelphia prison it appears, that the yearly aggregate of the disbursements has not, for several years past, amounted to as much as it did formerly; notwithstanding the alteration made in the modes of punishment throughout the state has rendered it expedient to maintain more persons in confinement, and for longer periods. For this reason, under the present discipline, prisoners are not governed by beating, by irons, or any capricious restraints of turnkeys.—Convicts, vagabonds, persons accused, unruly, or runaway apprentices, or servants, are not now intermingled and heaped together. Lenity has superseded the abuse of power; cleanliness and comfort take the place of filth and misery: Hence not as many diseases, quarrels, or escapes—a necessity for fewer keepers—less medical assistance, carpenters, or blacksmiths repairs, &c. The physician's bill actually does not amount to the same by four-fifths; that of the blacksmith has decreased in a still greater proportion. So that this annual overplus expected to arise from the greater economy of one system than the other, would of

itself soon form a fund adequate to the reimbursement of such sums as might be necessarily advanced for the purpose of commencing a reform; while the issues and profits of the different establishments of manufactories by the labour of criminals, would afford a clear and considerable gain to the government.

The prison and its several apartments are under a superintendence of a board or committee of inspectors, with legal powers, chosen from the mass of citizens. The election of one half of them takes place every six months, when those who desire it are generally re-elected. The appointment rests strictly with the mayor and two aldermen of Philadelphia, and the person chosen cannot decline without incurring a penalty of ten pounds. The board consists of twelve, seven of whom form a *quorum*, and meet once a fortnight in the inspectors' room. Two of them are obliged to go over the whole prison together every Monday, and oftener, if occasion requires, who are named *visiting inspectors*. Their duty is to inspect not only the jailer and other officers, but particularly the behaviour and disposition of the prisoners; to see that they are properly and sufficiently employed; to inquire into their health, and take care that their food is served in quantity and quality agreeably to the directions of the board; that the sick are properly provided for; and that suitable clothing and bedding be furnished to all. They hear the grievances of the prisoners, and bring forward the cases of such whose conduct and circumstances may appear to merit the attention of the board. They cause returns to be made out by the clerk of the prison, and laid before the committee monthly, of all the prisoners—their crimes—length of confine-

ment—by whom committed—and how discharged since the preceding return. Besides a regular attendance of the *visiting inspectors*, the prison is every day visited by some one or more of the committee.

Subject to the directions of the committee are a jailer, four keepers, one turnkey, and a clerk. The cook, scullion, barber, and other attendants, are convicts, who are credited for their services in proportion to the time and labour they expend.

The consequences which have marked the progress of the latest legislative amendments to the criminal laws, have been so favourable, that crimes have actually diminished considerably. The present system too is considered by its friends as still in its infancy. Its effects also on the morals of the prisoners have been no less evident. Re-convictions are seldom heard of. Of all the convicts condemned for these five years past, not above five in a hundred have been known to return; and, to the honour of human nature be it spoken, that some of the convicts, at the expiration of their term of confinement, voluntarily offered themselves, while the yellow fever raged in Philadelphia, to attend the sick as nurses at Bush-hill, and conducted themselves with so much fidelity and tenderness, as to have had the repeated thanks of the managers. Few have been known to stay in the prison the whole of the term to which they were sentenced, the amendment and repentance of many of them being so visible to the inspectors as to have had a claim on the governor's clemency. Some have appropriated the proceeds of their labour, while in confinement, to the support of their families; and several, on leaving the prison, have received forty or fifty dollars, the overplus of the profits of their labour.

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Literature, Science and the Fine Arts.

CRITICAL CATALOGUE OF NEW BOOKS:

WITH CHARACTERISTIC EXTRACTS.

Memoirs of the private and public Life of WILLIAM PENN. By THOMAS CLARKSON, M. A. Two Volumes 8vo. LONGMAN and Co.

ALTHOUGH the subject Mr. Clarkson has chosen on this occasion to dilate upon, is by no means a new one, yet it possesses that interest which will command fresh readers as each generation advances to maturity.

Britain has produced numbers of most estimable characters in every department of science; and, though it would be invidious to enter into an investigation of the merits of any as to a general scale of usefulness, we may safely pronounce William Penn one of those who contributed in a very considerable degree to the honour and advantage of his country. Indeed we know of no one that attracted public attention more forcibly, dividing the people in opinion in matters of religion, and afterwards establishing a colony of those who adopted the tenets of his immediate predecessor Fox, in a remote part of the globe, and giving that colony a form of government, than which it was impossible to make one more excellent, taking into consideration the peculiar circumstances of the place.

Under these impressions, we doubt not our Readers will receive with complacency our observations on the Life of William Penn. Never were there two professions more opposite than a Quaker teacher and a tough old British Admiral: such, however, were the father and the son in the case before us. Too little is known of Admiral Penn to

decide whether his manners were those of a real seaman, unpolished and natural, or whether his being a favourite at Court had softened those asperities of speech, characteristic of many of the sons of Neptune; but it is known that the superior sanctity assumed by the son greatly exasperated the father, who would have kept him beyond the doors whence he drove him, had he not being as noble as brave, and as forgiving as violent. Hence it was, the old gentleman died in peace with the Legislator, who never relaxed in what he conceived to be right. Judging from the anecdotes of Mr. Penn's early actions, we should scarcely have augured that temperance and sobriety of conduct which afterwards distinguished him: his enmity to the surplises of his fellow students, his expulsion from Oxford in consequence, and his constant opposition to the civil power when preaching, all seemed to indicate an intemperate mind; but he deserves credit for its suppression, and we read with admiration his pacific conduct towards the Indians.

The property inherited by Mr. Penn was considerable; and the situation his father had held rendered the son respectable in the estimation of many who disapproved of his pursuits as a preacher: and hence he the more readily succeeded in obtaining the prayer of his petition for a grant of land in America, in lieu of a debt due from the Crown to the Admiral. We now view him in a new light. Mr. Clarkson informs us it was his wish to call his infant colony New

Wales: but the King intending a compliment to the memory of Admiral Penn, insisted on terming it Pennsylvania.

Although it had generally been supposed by previous settlers that a grant from the Crown was a good and sufficient title for dominion in a country very remote from this, Mr. Penn thought otherwise; and was determined to undertake nothing in his new territory without the free consent of the Aborigines. Accordingly, by treaty, purchase, and presents, he seated his followers on ground which he conscientiously considered his own, and surrounded by a people naturally ferocious, but subdued by the justice and propriety of his proceedings into a veneration for their new neighbours. This single instance of rectitude exalts Mr. Penn beyond all the military Heroes who have flourished and conquered since the days of Homer; and there cannot exist an Englishman who doth not feel himself honoured by such a countryman.

"His plan for the city of Philadelphia," observes Mr. Clarkson, "has been considered as the work of a provident and great architect; and to that sleepless spirit of vigilance, that spirit, which he possessed in the highest degree, of constantly overlooking and forwarding whatever he had begun, it was to be ascribed, that so great a progress had been made in the buildings in so short a time. Dean Prideaux, in his 'Connection of the History of the Old and New Testament,' gives a plan or model of the city of ancient Babylon, after which he speaks thus: 'Much according to this model hath William Penn, the Quaker, laid out the ground for his city of Philadelphia, in Pennsylvania; and were it all built according to that design, it would be the fairest and best city in all America, and not much behind any other in the whole world.'"

Mr. Clarkson regularly notices Mr. Penn's various publications; and, after giving the substance of his "Persuasive to Moderation," remarks, that it was said to have produced a considerable effect upon

the King and his Council; as a proclamation was issued very soon after its appearance, offering a general pardon to all those then imprisoned for their opinions in matters of religion. The result of the instructions given to the Judges of Assize was the liberation of 1200 Quakers, many of whom had been in confinement for years. He subsequently speaks more decidedly, in advancing that the King was personally influenced by Mr. Penn, who, when he resided at Kensington, had an opportunity "of arguing the case with him, and of enforcing his arguments, by bringing to view the most affecting cases of individual suffering, and by painting the misery and wretchedness of the victims themselves, and the distress and ruin of their nearest and dearest connexions, whom they were no longer able to comfort and support."

Hints for the Recovery and Preservation of Health. 12mo. 1s. 6d. 1813.

This pamphlet appears to be written by some well-meaning person, whose knowledge is unfortunately not equal to his benevolence. The subjects on which he treats are diet, air, exercise, sleep, clothing, and the warm and cold bath. Diet is, however, the point on which he most strenuously insists; and on this subject he directs his principal attention to endeavour to dissuade his readers from the use of animal food. We see so little likelihood of this doctrine ever becoming prevalent, that it is not very important to spend much time in showing the futility of the arguments that are urged by the author in favour of the practice. Indeed he treats the question in a very summary manner; for he deems it sufficient to assume, as the basis of his reasoning, that the greatest part of our diseases and

Infirmities are induced by the improper kind of life which we lead, and that our principal transgression consists in the bad choice which we make in our diet.

"I am led, from much observation, and considerable experience, to think, that the great error in diet lies in the too common use of animal food. The flesh of most animals has a tendency to vitiate the humours, especially that of tame ones, which is seldom in a healthy state. If it be said, that when once the food is digested, it matters not what it was; it may be answered, that some kinds of food may injure the stomach, though they are at length digested; and that, the residuum must be considered, which, lying many hours in the intestines, may produce mischief. The fumes also arising from a morbid mass, on its first reception into the stomach, cannot be held as insignificant. Indeed the nature of animal food is sufficiently exposed, by the antiseptic accompaniments which are always thought necessary; as hot spices, pickles, &c. and the morbid craving which it causes for strong liquors, acid fruits, &c.—consequences, alone, enough to destroy health. Again, if it be said, that in a state of nature mankind, in many countries, lived almost wholly on animal food, it must be recollected, that the exercise they took to obtain that food, might enable them to digest almost any thing; and that the animals they devoured were in a state of high health and

purity. It must also be observed, that the passions of such people were violent, sanguinant, and unsocial; their minds gloomy and defective in their discriminative faculty; that

"War and bloodshed formed their horrid joy."

and their bodies were at an early period, worn out by surfeit. On the other hand, it is well known, that a large portion of the human race, subsist on rice, potatoes, bread, and other vegetable food; and that, that portion can show the finest symmetry and strength of body, and the best disposition of mind.

The chief peculiarities of the author on other subjects are that he regards blankets as injurious, objects to the warm bath, is friendly to sleep, and, like some other admirers of unsophisticated nature, directs us to use *distilled water* for drink. The tract is, in general, written in a serious strain: but the author occasionally launches out into some very sarcastic witticisms against *Doctors*, a class of animals which he appears to have included in his general antipathy. They will probably have their revenge on him before he dies:—or perhaps afterward.

(To the Editor of the *Monthly Museum*.)

Sir,

THE appearance of your *Magazine*, which I consider a work of much promise, has given me great pleasure; such a publication, if well conducted, is a desirable source of amusement and information to all, but of more solid benefit to the young and giddy, and to those whose humble situations preclude the advantages of a liberal education, or the use of a library; in perusing its motley pages, information is involuntarily acquired, and at least a smattering of useful knowledge imbibed, which, without such aid, had never been dreamt of; and it is reasonable therefore to hope, that on many instances the

"unrolling of her ample page" will follow;—you will see at once that I am not a disciple of the Board, well known to fame, who asserts, that

"A little learning is a dangerous thing!"

I beg leave to offer you my humble aid, in prosecution of your plan, and from a desire to be useful, I shall commence with some crude strictures on certain barbarisms, or to use a more gentle, and indeed a more applicable phrase, *Hibernicisms*, which have crept into pretty general use, and are peculiarly our own: the absurdities I shall allude to, originating in mere indolence and colloquial inatten-

tion, most surely yield to the slightest efforts of industry and observation, for it happens not unfrequently, that follies, like vices—

"To be hated need but to be seen."

For the present I shall, as I have before hinted, confine myself to Ireland, not that the *sister Kingdom* is a jot superior to us in this respect—the contrary is the fact, for there the good people of one district, are often at a loss to comprehend the *lingo* of another. But in pointing out errors at home, I may eventually hope to do some good; at all events it is better to attend to the *mote* in our own eye, than to the *beam* in that of your neighbour,

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the *mote* that dims their eye;
Each little speck, or blemish find,
To our own stronger errors blind.

GAY.

Permit me then, from time to time, instigated by the purest motives, and aided by your intelligent assistance, to endeavour to expose those familiar vulgarisms, or, if you will, *Idiomatick Hibernicisms* which daily occur in almost every company, and even in all ranks—if the evil were confined to the lower orders of society, or to be found only in the tea-talk of inconsiderable matrons, the hisings of little misses—or sprinkled thro' the speeches of juvenile or illiterate orators, censure would be supererogatory and admonition useless;—but with the utmost deference, and with every proper respect I assert, that the PULPIT and the BAR are not exempt—that the disk of some of our brightest luminaries there are darkened by these *lupus*, and

that the stage,* which should be the standard of the language, shamefully abounds with every barbarism. But having extended these prefatory remarks to a greater length than I had intended, and conscious that *lenitives* are always more effectual when administered in small doses, I shall conclude for the present by briefly intimating, that disclaiming arrogance or impertinent presumption, it is my intention to animadvert in the plainest manner on the prolific subject proposed, and with sentiments of regard for the profound *Phalanx* of *Philologists*, *Philomaths*, and *Linguists*, who read (or who ought to read) your useful *Miscellany*. But without apprehension, I once for all beg leave to assure them, that the simplicity of my matter will render collision impossible and criticism superfluous.

I am, Sir,
Your's and my Country's
Well-wisher,
WILL o' th' WISP.

P. S. In my next, taking as it were, the *Omega* for the *Alpha*, or, the tail for the head, I shall endeavour to illustrate that pretty every-day phrase, "I AM done!"

Rialto, 20th Nov. 1812.

* This will always be the case in almost every theatre, until there is some ordent to pass, before every idle booby, without talent or genius, can obtrude himself on the boards, "The public torture and the shame" as at present;—but this is a pregnant subject, and must be reserved for a separate paper. I am a friend to ACTORS, but it does not follow, that all PLAYERS share my regards.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MUSEUM.

DEAR MAG.

YOU see I am quite familiar—indeed I doat upon contractions—they come in so pat and fit the mouth so prettily—I am sure you will not take amiss any observation I shall make; especially when I tell you, *entre nous*, I am a pretty girl of fifteen, with a large fortune at my own disposal when I come of age, and your professed admirer. As I live fifty miles from Dublin, if my style is somewhat uncouth, you will, I am sure, give it a little *town* polish; as I would wish to appear as fine as possible, in this way, among my country cousins. Indeed, now I have entered the lists, like the champions in romance, I am afraid I shall never be able to withstand the “tilts and tournaments” of criticism—excuse the metaphor, as I have just finished the beautiful novel of *Cassandra*—a little old fashioned to be sure.—I wish I knew what your correspondent Jack ERRORS thinks of it—I fear he will find me very deficient in the choice of expressions—his “proper words in proper places” terrify me—but I am a great Rambler on paper; yet I assure you I am quite otherwise in conversation—our neighbour, the ‘squire, who received a college education, admires the smartness of my repartees; often quotes my sayings, and is always ready with a hearty laugh whenever I open my lips; our curate, too, a sly wag, tells me when he gets me in a corner (you know the creatures of his cloth are licensed to take liberties,) that I extinguish all the stars of our hemisphere—but as soon as I take the pen in my hand, all my fine thoughts instantly evaporate. You cannot conceive how delightfully disappointed we were on the arrival of your first num-

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X

ber—the ‘squire could not contain his joy, though naturally a good natured man, and the poor curate almost smothered his horse laugh into an *ague-fit*—for you must know my *uncle*, an old prig, and as great a dust as your friend Zachariah, (I suppose this is quite the go in town) had promised himself a great treat in your political article—nothing could exceed the pleasure we found in his disappointment, but you have most invidiously made amends in the last number; and I will venture to insure him to you as a constant subscriber—my aunt however has no patience with you, upon account of the maiden lady in Queen Elizabeth’s reign—I wish you would take her in hands and endeavour to make something of her—but I am rambling from my subject again—you must know then we have had it for a long time in contemplation to form a Magazine on our own plan; now if you would but new model yours a little, it shall have the preference, and as I am a great favourite with the bookseller, he shall be constantly supplied with a good stock:—Imprimis—the print or frontispiece must be a lady—this upon no account can be given up with; “secret memoirs,” private anecdotes, &c.—two novels we must have at least, (as our circulating library is badly supplied) in continuation, with a motto each month—a tale something in the manner of Miss Edgeworth, the story a little more removed from the “dull reality of truth,” as her contemporary and successful rival Miss Owenson elegantly expresses it, and the language if you please a little more sentimental and extravagant—*town* anecdotes and *bon-mots*, would I

am sure be much more agreeable than useless agricultural essays, which all the vulgar farmers here have at their fingers end; indeed we have a horrible objection to every thing relating to the country—"green fields" and "purling streams" sometimes come in tolerably well in a *novel* or *pastoral* poem, but are not to be endured upon any other occasion.—Of politics I do not know what to say; I am afraid you must put in a *little*, or you will lose my uncle as a subscriber—but disappoint him as often as you can. In your notices on the theatre, (a very favorite article) be particular in describing the *dress* of the actresses, as we all agree in thinking that the most particular part about a lady either

on or off the stage. In the poetic department, we shall endeavour to supply you with a little. Charades and acrostics are out of fashion, or I would have sent you some a certain gentleman has made on a dear bewitching creature, who has the honor of subscribing herself your sincere friend and admirer,

LETITIA MADCAR.

County of ———, 14th Dec.

P. S. Query: Would not a "*tete a tete*," and a little private scandal be a great improvement whenever you thought proper to leave out politics.* L. M.

* It is a remark of Addison's, that a lady always expresses her mind in the postscript—we hope it is not the case with our fair Correspondent.

(For the Monthly Museum.)

THAT the character or celebrity of a work is sometimes less owing to any intrinsic merit of its own, than to casual and adventitious circumstances, is a remark that has been frequently made.

The great body of readers seldom attempt to estimate a performance by their own judgment. If some person of distinguished station, any way remarkable for a literary turn, assuming the tone and manner of a critic, pronounces a favourable opinion, they are easily satisfied. One tells another how such a person praised it; the other spreads the report, dwelling in raptures on the brilliancy of the images, the elegance of the style, the force and harmony of the verse, &c. &c.

Others invariably hold a work to be good if it has passed through five or six editions; thus depriving themselves of the liberty of choice, and yielding an obedience to the decision of a giddy and capricious public. On the whole, the best

works of the present age are entirely neglected, while every trifle that can boast the merit of affected singularity, is hailed and applauded as the highest flights of human genius.

These remarks have been excited by observing the immense sale of Mr Scott's Poems within these few years. I have read nearly the whole of them without prejudice or partiality; and certainly I cannot observe those striking and irresistible beauties that some people imagine they discover. As Dr. Johnson said of a certain poem—"the colours are in general gay, but the substance very light."

Affection under any circumstance is disgusting. When we behold a writer quitting his proper sphere, neglecting nature and propriety, to imitate the style of ages past and gone; when we see him contending with Chaucer and Spenser, borrowing antiquated expressions to meet them on their own ground, who is there that must

not feel a mingled sensation of mirth and pity?

Our feelings on a perusal of Spenser and his modern imitators are remarkable. In the one we admire a plain, familiar style, a simplicity natural and unaffected, every expression adapted to the subject. In the other we find a strange confusion; a mixture of antique and modern phrases, the measure of the verse foolish and irregular, composed of sentences, ill adapted, and badly disposed; sense sacrificed to sound, and every moral object entirely neglected. In short the best description of this style, that I have seen, is given by the first and ablest critic of modern times, Dr. Johnson—

"Wheresoe'er I turn my view,
"All is strange but nothing new;
"Endless labour all along,
"Endless labour to be wrong.
"Phrase that time hath long away,
"Unconth words in disarray,
"Clad in antique ruff and bonnet,
"Ode and elegy and sonnet;

Yet these poems, however light and trivial, are not entirely destitute of merit; the plots are generally well conducted, the incidents frequently pleasing—and the sound of the sense is sometimes harmonious.

But in one point Mr. Scott certainly excels those little and almost invisible touches, that often mark the character of individuals; his descriptions are just and natural, and his choice of romantic scenery extremely judicious. Allowing this, and fairly estimating his excellencies and defects, I believe Mr. Scott will be found inferior to several poets of the day. Southey from his stile of writing, so different from that of Scott's, can never admit of a true comparison; but wretched indeed must be the taste of those who would prefer *Marmion*, or *Rokeby*, to *Joan of Arc* or *Madoc*. Campbell, in his *Gertrude*, seems inclined to contend with Scott; but if ever he is remembered as a poet, his fame must be founded on the Pleasures of Hope. I could name others, such as Philips, Montgomery, and Crabbe, who are certainly equal to Mr. Scott, but far from being so popular, so much has public taste been perverted by prejudice and fashion. But I must conclude this tedious letter, by subscribing myself,

Yours &c.
T. F.

Bolton-street.

(For the Monthly Museum.)

FEMALE EDUCATION.

TO depreciate the mental faculties of the female sex has so long been the order of the day, that we fear it will be an invidious task to vindicate their powers. But it is beneath the dignity of reason to reject truth, because it wears the garb of novelty; or bow the knee to error, because it has been deified by custom—and we candidly acknowledge that the system of fe-

male education, as far as we are capable of judging, admits of considerable improvement.—It is unnecessary that women should be occupied in the investigation of abstruse sciences; but certainly no part of polite literature should remain unexplored.—It is ridiculous to say, that the details of domestic economy would be neglected because a gentlewoman's information

was extended beyond her receipt-book, or that her maternal duties would be worse performed, because her mind was cultivated and enlarged. Women would not surely be worse mothers because they were capable of extending their care from the persons to the faculties of their children; nor worse wives, because they had received that information which adds majesty to beauty, and dignity to virtue.—It has doubtless been the custom to decry literary ladies—and were information to be synonymous with pedantry, nothing would be a severer scourge—but let it be remembered, that were those acquirements more general, they would excite no idea of pre-emi-

nence, and where there is no feeling of superiority there would be no ostentation.

When we view the literary acquirements of a Decier, and a De Stael, when we behold a Catherine wielding the energies of a vast empire, it would be folly to imagine that the female mind partakes of the weakness of the female form—the fact is the reverse, and any want of thought which is observable is to be attributed to our present system—we embrace the bow till its vigour is destroyed, and then exclaim against that inebility, of which ourselves have been the cause.

J. D.

VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC OF MERIT.

“*Melodia Sacra*,” consisting of one hundred and fifty Psalms, composed and arranged by D. WEYMAN.

This work we have perused with pleasure, and have great satisfaction in speaking of it in terms highly creditable to the author. It consists of three volumes, containing 50 psalms in each. In the first, the rudiments of music are clearly explained, and the art of solemnization illustrated. The Melodies are carefully selected from the most celebrated authors, ancient and modern; several composed expressly for the work, by Sir John Stevenson, Doctor Cogan, Messrs. Blewitt, Tuke and Weyman, and are harmonized for three or four voices in a masterly style. The tunes are in general excellent, and the combination effective. The accompaniment for the Organ, or Piano Forte, we should have preferred separately, that the solos and duos, (which are frequent,) might be accompanied, instead of the in-

strument playing the precise notes with the singers. The Composer's motive for this is obvious; but we do not think the proposed convenience a sufficient excuse. Great credit is due to Mr. Weyman and Mr. Allen for the superior style in which this work is offered to the public. We can recommend it to all lovers of sacred music.

“*Sonata Fugata*,” for the Piano Forte, or Organ; dedicated to Mr. Clementi, by T. COOKE.

After a sedulous examination of the introduction and fugue, we have the satisfaction to find ourselves enabled to speak of it in terms honourable to the Composer. The Largo in G minor, (the subject of which is truly organic,) has a good effect, and is well contrived; the frequent repetition of the shake we should not recommend.

The fugue in G major is bold and animated; a pleasing play of fancy, aided by a cultivated judgment, and a respectable portion of sch-

ence, is displayed in various parts of this work, and sets Mr. T. Cooke's abilities for this species of composition in a most favourable point of view. The combinations are in general extremely well adjusted, and the basses good, while the points answered with correctness and effect, contribute to throw over the whole a striking air of mastery and talent.

"The Emerald Isle"—A national Song, composed by Mr. BLEWITT.

This Song has been received in London with great applause, and sung by Mr. Webb; and without flattery to Mr. Blewitt, we can safely say it is as pleasing an air as we have heard composed in imitation of Irish: and think it bids fair to rival the *"Sprig of Shillelagh"* a celebrated national song from the pen of Mr. Code. The words of the Emerald Isle are by D. O'Meara, Esq. (author of several excellent songs). In the introductory symphony, which is likewise the concluding one, Mr. B. has been particularly happy; it is in the pastoral style; also in the burden of the song—indeed, throughout the entire he has shewn great taste and judgment.

"Pray Goody;" the admired Ballad in Midas, arranged with Variations for the Piano Forte, by J. B. LOGIER.

This species of music is particularly interesting and improving.—Mr. Logier has selected a beautiful air, to which he has done ample justice; the variations are engaging and ingenious, and cannot but do him credit with Piano Forte students, who will find in it much improving practice. With the second and last variations, we are particularly pleased; the whole reflects much credit on Mr. Logier's taste and ingenuity.

"Thy Bosom dear Maid;" a Ballad, by Ma. M. BREXAN.

This Ballad, though not distinguished by any remarkable features of excellence, is by no means destitute of merit; the melody is smooth and easy, and the expression appropriate and natural.

"Duke of Leinster's Grand March and Waltz;" composed by J. BLEWITT.

The introduction is majestic and truly military. The imitation of the bugle, in the fifth bar, has a peculiarly fine effect, and the chord of the flat seventh, which immediately succeeds it, well conceived.—We imagine that Mr. Blewitt, was contemplating the effect of French horns, when he wrote bars eight and nine in the bass. The march possesses great energy and fire, the bass from the first to the fifth bar, a little too much *alla Fm Esch*. In the 2d part Mr. Blewitt proceeds to G minor, and although not strictly correct, (according to the rules of the old school, which ought to have been C minor,) produces a very pleasing effect when the original key and subject are introduced at bar 13. We cannot much approve of the adoption of triplets, in the last bar of the second part, the characteristic of a march, in some measure, is lost by it. A composition of this description ought to finish either with full chords, unison, or octave. The Trio, written in the dominant of the key, is prettily contrasted; particularly the legato passage in bars two and three, where the bass ascending with the thirds, is met by the treble; those contrivances, by contrary motion, seldom fail of producing good effects. Mr. B. has been happy in the present instant. The waltz is light and pretty, abounding with correct traits of nationality throughout. We should have

been more pleased, had Mr. B. suppressed the descending bass, in page 7, bars 8, 9, 10; it would have greatly added to the effect of a similar bass, from bars 16 to 23.—The present work, we conceive, to have a fine effect with a full military band, and feel happy to congratulate Mr. B. on the successful application of his talent.

LOGIER'S introduction to the art of playing on the Royal Kent Bugle.

This work possesses great originality, and will be found an acquisition to such military bands as have already introduced into their music that inimitable instrument the Kent Bugle. Mr. Logier, has in the course of this treatise, displayed no inconsiderable share of knowledge of the property of wind instruments in general; particularly in explaining the nature of the *embouchure*. The instrument in question must indeed be a most powerful auxiliary to composers in the arrangement of wind instruments; we therefore strongly recommend to them the perusal of Logier's introduction to the art of playing the Kent Bugle.

Amongst others, we shall notice the following in our next number:

"*The Wild Bugle*;" a Ballad, sung by Mrs. Cooke in the Devil's Bridge, by J. Blewitt.

"*As some sad Turtle*;" a Canzonet, by Miss Bennet.

"*Cossack Rondo*;" by Mr. J. Blewitt.

"*The Bugle Andante*;" by J. B. Logier.

"*A Celebrated Military Air*;" with Variations, by J. B. Logier.

"*My Henry's Gone*;" a Ballad, by Sir J. Stevenson.

"*Blewitt's Jigg*;" arranged as a Rondo for the Piano Forte, by T. Cooke.

"*While the Shepherds are blithe on the Green*;" a Ballad, by Mr. Clifton.

"*A Rondo*," on an Octave descending, by F. Holden.

At a meeting which was held at Mr. Logier's Music Saloon, attended by all the military musicians of the garrison, it was unanimously resolved, that in consequence of the 24th clause of the musical fund, which without exception disqualifies all military musicians from either becoming member or receiving any benefit thereof, that a Society be established called "*The Grand Military Musical Society, for the relief of distressed Military Musicians and their Families*."

It is with very great pleasure, that we announce the formation of the above establishment. The funds which are to be raised by Subscription and annual Concert to be appropriated as in the resolution.

So praise-worthy an institution, cannot fail of meeting with that support and patronage to which it is justly entitled. Mr. Logier, who is the founder, merits every thanks, not only from those who may ultimately benefit by it; but every humane heart must be excited to aid the meed of applause that it merits.

In the Press, and to be Published by Subscription, "*A Treatise on Practical Composition and Harmony*," founded on the Progression of the Diatonic and Chromatic Scales, in all their Major and Minor Modes, with their fundamental harmonies and inversions, on a plan entirely new, illustrated by examples, composed and dedicated, by permission, to Muzio Clementi, Esq. by J. B. Logier.—Price to Subscribers, one guinea.

To be Published by Subscription, Twelve Glees, for three, four and five Voices, in two Volumes, containing six each, with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by R. Tate.

Miscellanea.

(For the Monthly Museum.)

THE ANCHORITE.

And this our life exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing. — *SURREY.*

THROUGH the shades and silence of my solitude, the noise of the busy world has come to my ears; the sounds of vice, folly and wretchedness have at length awakened that pity for mankind, that concern for human affairs, which a retirement from society, of more years than a waning spinster would willingly confess, had laid at rest.— Compassion has dispelled that apathy which seclusion had drawn as a fence, for the protection of my tranquillity, against the inroads of care and indignation. My heart now yearns to relieve the miseries, abash the follies, and reclaim the vices, (as far as my efforts can extend,) even of a world whose concerns interest me not; by expending in occasional essays some part of the observations and reflections of a contemplative and secluded life.— Amidst the bustle, the interests, and dissipation of society, we have no leisure to investigate the springs of other men's actions, and we have too much self-love to examine our own; besides, in truth, our optics are not adapted to so minute a research, and we are mostly content in observing the more apparent and prominent parts of character, which are generally such only as affect ourselves: yet the philosopher who would know more of a fly than that he has two wings, six legs, a head and body, must use a microscope

which will display to his admiration those minuter members, by which this insect performs a variety of actions which to us seem strange. Solitude has been the medium through which I have viewed mankind; it has been "the Euphrasy and Rue" which has purged my intellectual vision from the mist of worldly affections; by means of it I have surveyed all the internal workings of the heart, imperceptible to the eye of the hasty observer: and as all things, as far as concerns our social duties are great or small, blameable or praise-worthy but comparatively, I have contrasted the polished, but faithless manners, the spacious, but corrupt morals, of the great Babel, with the innocence, honesty, and happiness of a rural life. I have had no spleen or passions to intercept my view, no interests to pervert my judgment; neither has my knowledge of mankind been collected from books; they are but as spectacles to eyes which need not the assistance of glasses; they may magnify, but never form a faithful or distinct picture. In the earlier part of my life I lived much in society and observed its manners—its manners pleased me not, and I retired to an hermitage.—Would my female readers luxuriate in imagination? then let them fancy some grotto embowered in woods beside the

lake of Glendalough, where of olden times Saint Kevin devoted his life to contemplation: let them furnish this grotto with seats from the living stone, casements o'ershadowed with woodbine and bordered with moss; let my food be cresses, acorns and wild honey; and my day close in slumbers lulled to sleep by the tinkling of some limpid fountain; let them next depict on the retina of their imagination, a barefooted and mortified figure, whose dimensions are scarcely more robust than the polished staff on which he supports his solemn steps; to this be added the escalop shell, the "sandal shoon," the locks whiter than the down of the swan, and all the other raiment with which a fanciful and romantic spirit can clothe an hermit; let them conceive me to be a misanthropic, morose, and ill-mannered Anchorite—let them conceive all this—and then—they will be most mournfully mistaken. My hermitage is not a grotto. It has neither moss, rocks, nor woodbine—(a fountain, I confess.)—Whether my figure be or be not such as has been already conceived, I gladly leave to conjecture, well knowing that every reader has formed to himself some ideal standard of elegance and deformity, by which he will measure my age, manners, and appearance according as my censures shall either chasten the failings or flatter the self-love of his individual self. Another reason I had for permitting the fancy to indulge her pencil in pourtraying my person and abode; which was to shew, that conjectures and prejudices adopted on such groundless authority are generally as void of foundation and truth. This romancing spirit, which is the mother of such an abortive generation of errors, follies and follies, I shall have occasion hereafter more particularly to rebuke;

let it suffice for the present to dispel that idle curiosity which would seek to discover my abode; to repress those unwarranted guesses and conclusions which would affix to these essays some peculiar name, and to check those prejudices which the austere life of an anchorite may excite, until the progress of my labours display my genuine character.

Let no one wish to break into my solitude, until that season when I shall think proper to make myself known, and then the world shall be fully gratified; for as I find there is a passion amongst modern readers, too strong to be repressed, of measuring the height of a man's understanding by the length of his nose, of sounding his judgment by the protuberance of his chin, and of inspecting the dark chambers of his wit and acuteness by the sparkling of his eyes, and the shadows of his eye-brows; and as the vanity of authors is but too prone to gratify the prevailing taste, by exhibiting a map of the abilities opposite to the title page of their works; perhaps even I may be induced, at the conclusion of my essays, to favour the public with a prospect of myself and my cat, in humble imitation of that original genius, who has given a turn so modern to our epic versification, and so interesting an improvement to the bill of fare to a book, (that is to say, the frontispiece,) by pourtraying a miniature of his dog, cheek by jole with that of himself; so that we may exclaim like King Lear, "Handy-dandy, which is the poet, which is the dog?" O that men knew where to draw the bitt and check the career of imagination! This gentleman, by the most splendid efforts of genius, had raised his reputation to a level with our most celebrated poets; and yet by a resolute extra

tion of avaricious industry, he has in two successive plunges, dived so deep into the bathos, that even — might take the wall of him. I must not, however, forget his exalted merits; and as I mean to make criticism an object of some of my lucubrations, I shall hereafter find greater pleasure in displaying his excellencies, than in dissecting his faults. I find that I have digressed from the purpose of this essay, which I intended merely as a letter of introduction of myself to the public; yet in this, my age will excuse me; therefore I beg no indulgence; it is my humour, it is my prerogative, and I must be as free in the choice of my matter, as I am of the path on which I shall take my morning walk. In one instance I must entreat my readers candour, that when he shall perceive, (as he cannot fail of doing,) a ruggedness in my style, little accordant to the polished and nicely-poised sentences of more polite authors, he will impute it to the length of my solitude, the infrequency of my practice of committing my speculations to paper; and, above all, to the fixed habit of silent contemplations where the mind expatiates at large in the infinity of thought, unshackled by words and unretarded by the formality of phrases; words, however useful in communicating ideas, are to a thinking mind as clogs to an agile dancer, in which he performs clumsily those movements through which his unfettered limbs would have evolved with ease and elegance: thus, what I have conceived with sufficient strength and clearness, I deliver in an uncouth and rigid style; or, in striving to balance my sentences, I fritter away my idea, and clothe it with such awkward incumbrances, that my meaning suffers a kind of eclipse. This, however, shall give me but small disquiet, provided I can en-

force my precepts intelligibly; I shall not be solicitous for the graces of eloquence. Time and practice may give smoothness to my diction.

To speak continually of one's self, is the result of an impertinent self-pride; yet, under this statute, do I not stand convicted through the entire of this essay? Still with my readers courtesy, I must say a few words more in declaration of my intentions, under promise to transgress in future as little as possible on the score of egotism. The design of the "*Anchorite*," is to recommend virtue, learning, and good sense, by shewing them in the most amiable point of view, and by holding forth to ridicule and censure—vice, ignorance and folly.—To the periodical essayist belongs in particular the province of correcting those foibles and humbler vices, against which the laws of societies could not have provided. There are degrees of enormous depravity, for which the public executioner alone possesses an efficient remedy. To the divine I relinquish the fine-drawn disquisitions and subtleties of disputed points of faith, together with the well trodden formulary of precept, wherein he shines with so much advantage; always reserving to myself and my lay-readers, the mere vulgar duties of practice and obedience.

As the happiness and even the morals of men depend in an eminent degree on the influence of the fair sex, I shall devote much of my exertions to reform the prevalent errors in female education and manners; I doubt not but that my attempt will be seconded by that mildness, docility and goodness, which I have always observed in the ladies, particularly when I give a "still, small whisper in their ear," that, by rendering themselves more amiable, they extend the

boundary of their dominion, and that man is never so completely governed, as when a woman, who, to her loveliness, adds good sense and discretion, leads him whither she will by an appearance of modest submission. Let not the fair ones flatter themselves that I am thus anxious, through a selfish motive, as if I intended to promote some favoured nymph to the arms of an anchorite! alas! after the death of my second wife, I made a vow of celibacy; besides, until I can restore my youth, by drinking the wine of vipers, as in such case prescribed, I can entertain but small hopes of having the hoar-

frost and snows of my beard thawed by the warm sighs of a love-sick maiden. It now only remains for me to labour in augmenting the happiness of mankind: for this purpose I shall set flowing the sources of my wit and judgment, with all the candour and benevolence of a man, who has himself been liable to human errors and foibles.

" ——— Give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will, through
and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infested
world.
If they will patiently receive my medicine."

+ THE ANCHORITE.

(For the Monthly Museum.)

ON HABIT.

A METAPHYSICAL ESSAY.

THE nobility of appearance combined with the thinking faculties of man, have designated him by the title of lord of created matter. These properties were the first incentives to pride and ambition. But if we will for one moment take pains to examine the average of our character, we will find, to say the best we can for ourselves, an equipoise of beauty and defect. In the one point of view man appears arrayed in all those exquisite habiliments which rival even the angels, and with them bear the very type of divinity; in another we see him blackened in all those hideous deformities, which even threaten his hopes of immortality. The former are the attributes which our Creator wished us to possess, and therefore our real nature; the latter we ourselves have adopted, and consequently are assumed. This theory is in direct opposition to that most ge-

nerally set forth; some say that man has been born and pre-ordained to error, and that goodness is altogether impossible to his feeble exertions; whilst others assert his freedom of will to follow right or wrong, or in other words, more congenial to clerical phrase, to aspire to happiness or plunge into misery everlasting. Now were it said that man was created in innocence, that innocence is therefore his real nature, and that a deviation from the paths of purity, must consequently be his own fault, would it not tend more to reclaim him from dishonorable propensities which he has adopted, than all speculative caution? Certainly it would, for the nature of man is that, which always aspires to the assertion of his innate nobility. Of his nature it is not our intention to speak in this place; but the deviations from his original state, which have continued to disgrace

him since his fall, are themes which call forth observation. These wanderings have been many; and with them they carry medicines which it rests with himself to use for the wounds they inflict. The principle of these sensations is society, which sets the mental part in exertion; and instead of that innocence which has been lost, places wisdom to guide the animal machine. Now in society there are various laws to rule the actions, and various propensities which affect the community in a ratio proportioned to their value or demerits. As laws differ in various states, owing to the many opinions of right and wrong, it is not here our object to investigate them; but as inclinations or propensities affect society in certain degrees, we hold it in view to examine them as relating to any characters, and for the sake of perspicuity, we shall designate these manners by the title, habit. The following observations we digest in three particular heads, 1st, the existing cause of habit; 2d, the nature of habit in current action; and 3d, the consequences of habit as affecting the sensorial kingdom.

First, then, as to the cause of habit. Habit generally arises from the customs of peculiar societies. In proof of this circumstance the nature of man would be sufficient; for in this incumbered state of mortality we are very far from the smallest state of perfection, because the part which is most likely to be perfect, is subject to the controul of materiality. Now immateriality and perfection are closely applied; and perfection consists in the virtual and actual renunciation of all grosser propensities, which degree of pre-eminence very few persons of certain descriptions ever think of approaching. Another source of habit is, passion. But this seems

rather to be a mediate than an immediate cause; for our passions being frequently excited and strengthened by the customs of society, such is the influence of example, that by reason of the frequent repetition, and the constant reiteration of the ideas connected with action, they are stamped indelibly on the thinking power; and as most ideas are acquired by sensation, they must receive additional force from reflection; they therefore being constantly repeated, excite customs, and customs when rooted become habits. Now, if there were not some delight experienced either mentally or bodily, humanity is not so insensible to pleasures and pains as to seek or encourage their repetition. Therefore we may say that custom proceeds from delight, and that habit is no more than custom, having become interwoven in the disposition by being often repeated.

Having thus considered the cause of habit, let us now make some enquiry into its nature whilst in exercise. Under this head we will find it influencing not only the conduct, but also the character of every man; for the disposition of a person being *a priori*, as it were moulded by the company with which he converses; or in other words, by the constant progression of education; the actions produced, must thereby be influenced; and if the sap be impoverished, the fruit will not be noble. The actions are consequences of ideas, these we owe to social intercourse, and on this intercourse depends custom, and consequently habit, therefore these ideas being habitual, the actions follow their own suit, and mark the character.

Is a proof of this required?—Look around; prejudice has implanted vice in the inclinations. Frequent punishments cannot deter

the villain; escape but hardens him. What could induce a man to adopt pernicious principles if it were not the causes mentioned above? And how could he retain those principles, so detrimental to his eternal interest as well as to his temporary character, if they had not struck a deep root in habit.

But it may be said that the adoption of the habits is fortuitous; at least, if they arise from the fore-mentioned causes? To this in the boldest confidence I answer not so; for, according to Mr. Lock, the ideas succeed each other in our minds regularly; each has its allotted time of duration, and can be divided or compounded (according to its nature) with others as occasion may require. Now the Being who gave us ideas, gave us power to employ them with judgment; and as a proof that judgment is more necessary here than in a state of real perfection, he tells us that "the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light." If then we do not call that wisdom into action, we seem to be attracted by depravity and corruption. The man who is about to perform any action, without previous consideration of its faults or merits, lays aside the best gift with which he has been endowed; he cannot be possessed of virtue, he must be tinctured with vice. Still farther (to tell a lamentable truth) there are those who cannot be accused of permitting their faculties to become impaired by inaction, but on the contrary, use them in the promotion of worldly interest, *omnibus modis*.—I would fain say that I am speaking falsely; but truth must be told: even as it is, I wish to throw a cloak on their enormities; but duty forbids me. To such, all exhortations are vain; in spite of language and in spite of

reason they will persist. What then shall be done?

Leave them to heaven,
And to those thorns which in their bosom lodge,
To prick and sting them.

Thus does habit, in its nature, influence the characters of men; but this is not all, its powers are felt in society. The social world has recognized two species of habit; and has designated them according to their apparent properties, by the titles of good and bad. This plain division has too much simplicity in its nature to allow of definition; and indeed it would be superfluous and trifling to define it; suffice to say, that its simplicity can only be equalled by its truth. Therefore, as habit is allowed to have some effect on social intercourse, it injures or repairs this happiness in proportion as it is in itself noxious or innocent. It may indeed seem strange, that society being given as one of the causes of habit, should feel itself affected thereby; but allowing habit to remain in the circle in which it was generated, it even there cannot be stationary, but still approaching its acme. Now it is absolutely necessary that it must mix in various circles, and therefore it must act in various degrees. And here I am led to consider it as affecting the sensorial kingdom.

It is necessary to the well-being of society, that a constant progression of improvement be maintained. No inaction will suffice, be the benefits already obtained ever so great. Now the mental and corporeal parts are alike endowed with the powers of industry; and the business of these powers is to promote this end. The ideal parts perform their functions invisibly; and having completed them, issue their commands to the natural parts, to exhibit them for the welfare of mankind. Society becomes benefited or injured in proportion as these

actions are more of moral or physical natures. In the moral exertions the sensitive as well as the reflective forces are strengthened; because here the good of man is the object, and his happiness is the end; but in the physical exertions, (as I have termed them,) no such object or end are proposed.

Society therefore must be affected according to the nature of habit. Every individual is possessed of his own peculiar habits; and these differ with the dispositions of the person, as well as with the customs in various states.

Having now examined the cause, the nature, and the effects of habit,

we conclude by repeating, that its adoption depends on the manner in which our ideas are regulated. Man, by example, is inclined to error; and it is by mistaken precepts that he falls into vice and dishonour. If he would, therefore, accurately weigh the merits of every thought in his more juvenile years, a habit would be induced, which would afterwards require no efforts to eradicate. Indeed, the *propension* of habit, is so much interested by passing objects, that it very seldom can be removed; by it the principle is known, and consequently the character becomes notable also. N.

(For the Monthly Museum.)

DIABLE BOITEUX; OR, THE HIGH HILL OF BAGDAD.

'Tis from high-life, high characters are drawn;
A Saint in *crape*, is twice a Saint in *lawn*.

(Continued from page 85.)

THE sudden removal from this scene of noise and bustle, to the calm and dignified objects that now presented themselves, produced through my whole frame a strange, but not displeasing effect. Ah! said I to myself, in a rapture of delight, shall I again behold my fellow creatures—like a being newly wakened from a dream, I looked wildly around me, every limb trembling and agitated, lest I should again encounter those sights of horror, which were so strongly engraven on my imagination; but the simple and impressive grandeur of the *squares*—the pleasing verdure of the adjoining *park*, and the solemn tolling of the *bell*, gradually dispelled those disquieting emotions which the elixir had inspired.—I

turned round in a kind of triumph to Asmodeous; but his satanic smile soon counteracted all those gentler feelings which had taken possession of me. So, said he, you are again recoiling into your former self, even the talismanic power of experience will not convince you of your errors—Your thoughts are again, I perceive, in search of the sublime and beautiful of human nature—in this scientific crucible you expect to find the pure *ore* of intellect—the improved *head*, and the ameliorated *heart*.—The *elixir vitæ*—the *Philosopher's stone*, would be a more rational pursuit.—I felt hurt at the asperity of the fiend, and endeavoured to parley. You tremble, Asmodeous; you acknowledge at the doctrine of *Confucius* you have

Felt the potency of the wisdom of *man*—yet you now endeavour to deride that *knowledge* which you fear, that wisdom you respect.—The potency of *man*, said Asmodeus, is more limited than the lowest order of ethereal beings—his presumption is our *contempt*, but his imaginary flights of *wisdom*, only provoke our laughter—the *fly* that you see crawling on yon massive column, which supports that learned pile, is endeavouring to scan its dimensions with his proboscis—is it not ridiculous? I felt the force of his rebuke, but I again attempted to expostulate. I admit the justice of your reproof, said I, but it also convinces me, that you are not capable of appreciating our power, according to the limited attributes of our nature—I can admire the *wisdom* of the *beaver*, said he, a creature, a degree lower than *man* in the scale of existence; *his* industry is for the general good, but the speculative *wisdom* of *man*, has become an heterogeneous and impracticable jargon. Whilst we were thus conversing, I heard a confused noise at a distance—it was not unlike the rolling of a *stream*, or the waves that break on the sea-shore; as it approached the adjoining square, however, I could perceive it was the inarticulate sound of human voices—I involuntarily shuddered; they are coming, said Asmodeus, we must mingle amongst the crowd—here, take this—it is the spear of Ithriel—it will gratify your most unbounded wishes—I grasped it with convulsive ardour—the effect was instantaneous—it ran through my frame like quicksilver, and its preternatural operation became even more powerful than the elixir; the multitude now entered—I wished to avoid the sight, and sought anxiously for an opportunity to escape from the fascination under which I laboured.

Asmodeus perceived my intention, and endeavoured to divert me from it;—do you observe that little man, said he, puffed up with all the arrogance of human knowledge, that is advancing towards us; he is of some authority, said I, although his external appearance seems to contradict the idea;—the same, said he—look to the latent springs that have forced him into action—those greasy parchments are the *sybil* leaves that solace him in dervize solitude, and self-inflicted penury—his knowledge and his wealth are equally unbounded, and equally unprofitable to himself and mankind—the streams muddled at their source are more offensive than a stagnant pool—those pure and wholesome springs that should renovate the thirsty soil, for want of circulation, became like the waters of Acheron—sullen, dark, and noisome.—I turned away in disgust—an immense crowd now forced themselves on my observation—“black—white and gray, and all their trumpery” came tumbling in; it is impossible for words to convey, or imagination to conceive the feelings excited within me—here I beheld hypocrisy assuming the garb of religion, to hide the natural depravity of the heart; and in another place vanity, shaking off the necessary forms, which custom had established to become the petty founder of a sect—there genius writhing beneath the lash of poverty, struggles in vain for a precarious existence, whilst triumphant affluence insults the public expectation with pigmy efforts to revive the dying embers of polemic disputation.—Knowledge and religion were, however, but secondary considerations. *Mitres*, *patronage* and preferment, were the grand objects that engrossed all their feelings, and em-

played all their faculties—for this principle is sacrificed on the altar of venality, and “sweet religion made a tinkling cymbal, and a rhapsody of words.”—Sick of this sameness, I again endeavoured to escape—when I chanced to espy, at some distance, a countenance that prepossessed me strongly in its favour—my heart bounded within me; the enchantment is dissolved said I, and anxiously pursued his steps; there was in his whole appearance a clear and dignified expression of thought, and elegance of manner, that seemed to promise much.—He is one of the numerous disciples of Confucius, said Asmodeus, and has devoted his moral reasoning and research to the service of his unfortunate countrywomen, who have become victims to the depravity of the times; he was some paces before us when I first perceived him, and happy at the opportunity of quitting this place, I, for the first time, desired Asmodeus to follow me. We moved

along slowly and uninterrupted, until we arrived at the Temple, dedicated to “Penitent profligacy;” the multitude were already assembled, but their gay and brilliant attire, and thoughtless levity of manner, ill accorded with my expectations, or the solemnity of the occasion. We have mistaken the place, said I; no, said Asmodeus, he has ascended the rostrum. I approached, and gently touched him with the all-powerful weapon: nature yielded and the most secret springs of thought and action lay concealed no longer; I trembled to behold—alas, the popular leader soon sunk in my esteem—to exalt himself in the eyes of a few worthless observers, he could trample without mercy on the feelings of a fellow-creature.

Agonized and disappointed; in the phrenzy of my feelings, I shattered the spear of ITHURIEL into a thousand fragments.—Asmodeus instantly disappeared, and I found myself alone, with the maxims of Rochefacault on the table before me.

PRESENT SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.

The Imperial Almanack of France for 1813, enumerates the sovereigns of Europe in the following order:—

France.

Napoleon, born Aug. 15, 1769.

Maria-Louisa, born Dec. 12, 1791.

And their son the King of Rome.

Italy.

Napoleon, King of Italy.

Eugene Napoleon, born Sept. 3, 1780, Viceroy.

The two Sicilies.

Joachim Napoleon, born March 25, 1771.

Maria-Caroline, sister to the emperor, born March 25, 1782.

And their two sons and two daughters.

Confederation of the Rhine.

Charles, born Feb. 8, 1744, Archbishop, Prince Primate, Grand Duke, &c.

Eugene Napoleon, Viceroy of Italy, Prince of Venice, Hereditary Prince, Sept. 3, 1780; married Augusta Amelia of Bavaria, born June 21, 1788.

And their three children.

Bavaria.

Maximilian-Joseph, born May 27, 1756, King of Bavaria.

Wurtemberg.

Frederic, born Nov. 6, 1754, King of Wurtemberg; married, May 18, 1797, to Charlotte Augusta Matilda, Princess Royal of England.

Saxony.

Frederic-Augustus, born Dec. 23, 1750, King of Saxony and Duke of Warsaw.

Westphalia.

Jerome Napoleon, brother of the Emperor of the French, born Nov. 15, 1784, King of Westphalia; married, Aug. 22, 1807, to Frederica Catherina, Princess Royal of Wirtemberg, born Feb. 21, 1783.

Baden.

Charles-Louis-Frederic, born 8th June, 1786, grand Duke of Baden; married 7th April, 1806, to Stephanie-Louisa-Napoleon. And their daughter.

Berg and Cleves.

Napoleon-Louis, born Oct. 11, 1804, Grand Duke.

Hesse Darmstadt.

Louis X. born June 14, 1753, Grand Duke.

Wurtzbourg.

Ferdinand-Joseph, Archduke of Austria, Grand Duke of Wurtzbourg, born May 6, 1769.

Then follows, *Nassau; Usingen; Nassau-Weilbourg; Hohenzollern-Hechingen; Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen; Isenbourg-Birstein; Lichtenstein; Leyen; Saxe-Weimar; Saxe-Gotha; Saxe-Meiningen; Saxe-Hilburghausen; Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld; Anhalt-Dessau;* and a dozen others equally insignificant and unknown in Great Britain.

Austria.

Francis I. born Feb. 12, 1768, King of Hungary and Bohemia, Emperor of Austria, re-married Jan. 6, 1806, to Maria-Louisa, daughter of the Archduke Ferdinand, born Dec. 14, 1787.

Great Britain.

Given as in our own Court Calendar.

Brazil.

Maria-Françoise-Eliz.—Queen-Denmark.

Frederic VI. born Jan. 28, 1768, King of Denmark and Norway.

Spain.

Joseph Napoleon, born Jan. 7, 1768, King of Spain and the Indies; married Maria-Julia, born Dec. 26, 1777. And their two daughters.

United States of America.

James Maddison, March 4, 1802, renewed every four years.

*Prussia, (as usual.)**Russia, (as usual.)**Sweden.*

Charles XIII. born Oct. 7, 1748, King of Sweden.

Charles Jean, Prince Royal of Sweden, elected by the estates of the kingdom, Aug. 21, 1810; born Jan. 26, 1764; married to Eugénie-Bernardine, sister to the Queen of Spain, born Nov. 8, 1781; and their son, Prince of Sweden and Duke of Sudermania.

Switzerland.

His Ex. M. Bourcard, Landamman of Switzerland.

Neuchatel.

Alexander, born Dec. 30, 1753, Prince of Neuchatel and Wagram; married Maria-Elizabeth, Princess of Bavaria; and their son Napoleon Alexander; born Sept. 11, 1810.

Turkey.

Mahmoud II. proclaimed Emperor Aug. 11, 1808.

Popedom.

Pius VII. Barnabe Chiaramonte, born at Cesane, Aug. 14, 1742, elected at Venice, March 14, 1800.

Original Poetry.

SONNET ON ISABELLA'S MARRIAGE.

Be cheer'd sweet girls the dawn is sprung,
It's gleaming rays advance;
To Hymen be your sonnets sung,
Prepare ye for the dance.

Adieu! those gloomy prospects drear,
The soothsayers of your pillow;
Their frozen dews now disappear,
They thaw for Isabella.

Suppress the sombre tint of grief,
Resume thy beaming smiles;
Give fascinating eyes relief,
Let loose their winning wiles.

Bedeck'd in fancy's wild attire,
In beauty's graces swell ab!l
Now Hymen greets your fond desire
To yield like Isabella.

'Tis Isabella's bridal day;
Let mirth and joy abound;
Ye lovely nymphs you're taste display,
To deck her altar 'round:

Seize, happy Henry, seize the prize!
Twice happy, happy fellow!
May you with everlasting joys
Be blest with Isabella.

H.

14th Dec. 1813.

EPIGRAMS,

On the Reverend Author of "A Description of Lake Killarney;" which it is to be noted he never saw, but once for a few hours on a misty day.

O sweet Killarney's lake! alas, alas!
That ever you were brought to such a pass,
To be described by such a blundering ass;
This croaking raven both in voice and feature!

Yet, to prevent it you did all you could,
You veil'd your beauties in a misty shroud;

But I was pre-resolved to sing aloud,
Your praise in spite of judgment, wit,
and nature.

His reverence travell'd many a mile,
To visit lake Killarney:
Resolv'd a pamphlet to compile,
With nonsense stuff'd, and blarney.

He went, and chose a misty day,
To view the beauties rare on't;
These fogs assist the visual ray,
For "mists are here transparent."*

To Glenna's top his reverence steers,
And round about he views all,
And to his sight the lake appears
Extremely like an oozle!

"A grand coup d' œil" his reverence took
"O'er meads which flowers enamel;"
And now, the "isles and islets" look,
Exactly like a Camel!

"The dull transparent mist ascends,"
And clothes it like a veil:
Again he looks and cries, my friends,
"Tis monstrous like a whale!"

At sight of this both wit and judgment
weep;
And patience nods her head and falls
asleep.

In his preface, the Author professes to avoid confusion; but,

A muddy head, a pedant's brain,
Will ne'er permit him to attain,
His object tho' in reason founded;
His book is but a jumbled hash,
Nonsense on nonsense, thrash on thrash,
"Confusion on worse confounded."

He describes Lord Kenmare's house rather as a barrack than the residence of a Nobleman.

I'll tell you why our grave divine
Thought Kenmare's house was like a barrack,
His lordship ask'd him not to dine,
Nor treated him with wine or arrack.

In speaking of Muckruss, he quotes from Milton,—

"So, stretched out huge in length, the arch fiend lay,
Chained to the burning lake."

Dear J— methinks 'twas cur'd uncivil
When you a simile would make,
To liken Muckruss to the Devil;
Killarney to the burning lake.

ROBIN HOOD.

* The passages marked with inverted commas, are selected from the work under consideration.

Z

SONG.

Lovely maid no more, I pray thee,
Wound this tender heart of mine;
O! withdraw those lips which slay me,
For perhaps no more I'm thine.

Hide those eyes their lightning throwing
O'er those cheeks of vermeil hue,
Lovely, as the morning glowing
On the rose that's bath'd in dew.

For where glory calls I fly me!
But, tho' far from love and thee,
Still thy beauties shall be nigh me:
Love shall still remain with me.

But should war remit my duty,
When the gale can waft the sigh,
Gladly I'll adore thy beauty,
Ever love thee, ever nigh.

Then the lute shall know no slumbers:
But, by side of purling stream,
Blith shall fall the fervent numbers,
Sweeter than Arcadian dream. N.

TO MY WATCH.

Monitor of fairy bliss,
Quickly strike my happiness!
Let thy hastening hands erase
All the minutes, in thy pace,
Whilst old time shall nerve thy pow'r,
To announce my nuptial hour!—
Then more steady, then more slow,
O'er the figur'd quarters go;
And, in dulcet cadence, chime
Ev'ry click of dial'd time.
Well, 'tis past, and ev'ry blessing
Now is mine, that's worth possessing!—
—What avails the rapt'rous hour?—
Though perfum'd in Hymen's bow'r,
Soon shall fade the myrtel green,
Nought but Cypress to be seen;
Cypress twines, in dismal shade,
Close the grot which Venus made: N.

TO A LADY ON RECEIVING HER
PICTURE.

I love to view this rosy die;
I love the lily's white to see;
The azure of this sparkling eye;
But ah! how likeless 'tis to thee!

For where is he, whose mimic art,
Can, with the glories of thy face,
Pourtray the feelings of thine heart,
And blend them with thy glowing grace?

Oh! ever shall this precious toy,
The sacred pledge of faithful love,
Impart, to me, that holy joy
Which angels, only, taste above.

N.

EPIGRAM.

When parson A—— to preach thinks fit,
So drowsy, all are grown,
You'd swear, but for some gleams of wit,
The sermon was his own. P. D.

IMPROMTU.

By no vain thirst of praise allur'd,
Sangrada's modest still,
He never boasts of those he cur'd;
But those he did not kill. P. D.

THE BANKS OF THE SUIR.

The summer's evening* golden dye,
Spreads richly o'er the western sky:
The zephyr's cool and fragrant breath,
Just 'wakes the slumbering mountain
heath:

Let us Olivia, steal away,
And taste the sweets of closing day,
In memory's converse rove an hour,
Upon the vernal Banks of SUIR.

Full oft in childhood's thoughtless day,
Along its brink we lov'd to stray!
To see the silver fishes glide,
Sportive beneath the dimpling tide,
Or chaunt some well-known artless song,
Or haul our little bark along.
Oh! many! many a blissful hour,
We loitered on the Banks of SUIR.

Kind parent stream, still purely flow!
Nor war's sad stain thy bosom know!
And oh! if once dear freedom's smile,
Should beam upon our emerald isle!
I'd envy not the happiest boor,
That ever shone thro' Eden's bow'r:
In my Olivia's love secure,
While wandering on the Banks of SUIR, Q.

HOHENLINDEN,

By Campbell—Author of "The Pleasures
of Hope."

On Linden when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Isar, rolling rapidly.

But Linden show'd another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And, furious, every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

* These lines were written in July last

Now shook the hills by thunder given !
Now rush'd the steed to battle driven !
And, rolling, as the bolt of Heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

And redder, yet, their fires shall glow,
On Linden's heights of crimson'd snow ;
And bloodier, still, the torrent flow
Of Isar, rolling rapidly.

The combat deepens—on ye brave !
Who rush to glory or the grave ;
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

'Tis morn—but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war clouds, rolling dun,
Where fiery Franks and furious Huns
Shout in their dreadful canopy.

Few, few shall part where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every sod beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

A PARODY

On Campbell's "Hohenlinden."

At Ringsend, when the tide was low,
And boats were sailing to and fro,
And dull and muddy was the flow
Of Dodder rolling dirtily.

But Ringsend shew'd a merry sight,
When fiddlers lifted airs so light,
And blythesome maids, in dress so white,
Adorn'd each glittering balcony.

Each dame her fiery now display'd,
While loud and quick each fiddler play'd,
And joyous every youth survey'd
The lass he lov'd so tenderly.

Now shook the floor 'twixt six and seven,
Now many a scrape of bow was given,
And partner against partner driven,
Danced hand in hand so jollily.

And livelier round the dances shall go,
And quicker ply each heel and toe,
And wider yet shall be the flow
Of whiskey streaming copiously.

The dance increases!—on ye fair,
Go, meet each sturdy partner there ;
Weave, damsels! weave your streaming
hair,
And foot it light and merrily.

'Tis morn—and now the dancing done,
Each to his several trade must run,
Sore griev'd, I ween, to leave his fun,
To labour dull and drearily.

Tho' sad they part, yet soon they'll meet,
Again their jovial friends they'll greet,
And every board beneath their feet
Shall ring their footsteps merrily.

THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

The following is extracted from the last new Poem of Lord Byron.

Fair—as the first that fell of woman kind,
When on that dread yet lovely serpent
smiling,
Whose image then was stamp'd upon her
mind—
But once beguill'd—and ever more be-
guiling ;
Dazzling—as that, oh ! too transcendent
vision
To sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber
given,
When heart meets heart again in dreams
Elysian,
And paints the lost on earth reviv'd in
heaven,
Soft—as the memory of buried love—
Pure—as the prayer which childhood wafts
above—
Was she—the daughter of that rude old
chief,
Who met the maid with tears—but not of
grief.

Who hath not prov'd—how feebly word's
essay
To fix one spark of beauty's heavenly
ray ?
Who doth not feel—until his falling sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight—
His changing cheek—his sinking heart
confess
The might—the majesty of loveliness ?
Such was Zuleika—such around her shone
The nameless charms unmark'd by her
alone—
The light of love—the purity of grace—
The mind—the music breathing from her
face !
The heart whose softness harmoniz'd the
who's—
And oh ! that eye was in itself a soul !

TO EMMA IN TROUBLE.

Say, lovely Emma, why rep'ne,
Since all our lots are drawn in heav'n ?
That mark'd to me is writ like thine,
And share of thine to me is giv'n.

To day we quaff the draughts of sorrow ;
And ev'ry earth-born joy is missing ;
But palm of Peace will sprout to-morrow ;
And Peace is crow'd with ev'ry blessing.

The Drama.

DRAMATIC STRICTURES.

Dec. 1.—*Devil's Bridge*.—*St. Patrick's Day*.

2.—*Coriolanus*.—*Of Age To-Morrow*.

3.—*Devil's Bridge*.—*Village Lawyer*.

4.—*K. Henry VIII.*—*The Review*.

The cast of this piece (excepting the Cardinal) was so dreadfully bad that criticism shrinks back appalled from its touch. It was indeed "too bad for bad report."—We shall therefore abandon it altogether, and confine our remarks to that one character, which will more than repay our attention.

When rising from perusal of the historic page, we recollect who and what Wolsey was—and with the mind big with his talents, his ambition, his intrigue, and his grandeur, we contemplate the extreme difficulty of representing such a character, we must admire the genius of Kemble. From every thing which we have read of that wonderful minister, the personification appeared so complete, that imagination presented us with no other idea than that the Cardinal actually stood before us.—But how was this vast effect improved and heightened by the dignity of deportment—and the classical purity of declamation!—There is another feature in Kemble's Wolsey which combines and perfects the whole.—We have never observed it in any other actor—we do not remember to have met with the report of it in any other. He appears, in his official scenes, and those with the king, totally abstracted from all minor considerations, the weighty concerns of office occupy him solely—he moves beneath an incumbent weight of thought.—Mark but his action while the Queen is speaking in the council and trial scenes—the ap-

plication of his fingers to his palm; the rest of his arm on the elbow—the agitated rumination of his whole frame—it gives the judicious spectator the finished idea of a great mind, revolving in itself the plans of empire—the intrigues of state—the great aim of Wolsey's life—his own aggrandizement as a minister. If to these we add his wonderful breaks of certain passages—and marked inflections of voice in others, must we not grant that his performance of Wolsey is one of the greatest efforts of mind, ever exhibited on the Irish stage?

"Take care it be rumoured *this* was at
"our intercession."

And the pointed rebuke to Surrey

— "to see a Nobleman—
"WANT MANNERS!"

were powerful instances of this.

To render appropriate justice to this performance would require a separate pamphlet. And it would be an employment well worthy the ablest pen.—We cannot, however, conclude without mentioning his last exit.—Under all the impression of evil, with which the character of the Cardinal abounds—it is yet impossible to hear Kemble deliver that solemn appeal to Heaven with which he leaves the scene,

"Oh Cromwell! Cromwell! Had I but
serv'd my God

"With half the zeal I've served my King,
"He would not in mine age have left me
"Naked to my enemies!"

And not feel for his disgrace and humiliation.—We much doubt if there was a single auditor present who did not commiserate the Cardinal. Such is the power of great talents on the stage—and so much may be effected, in the representa-

tion of the same character, by one actor more than another.

In the farce, Rock appeared in Looney M'Toulter.—The peasantry of Ireland are rich characters in the hands of a good actor. But none other need attempt them. They make them buffoons and blunderers—creatures like nothing in nature, to divert ignorance and gratify prejudice. Hence so few succeed here, on the native stage, in these parts. But this is not the case with Mr. Rock. He enters fully into their spirit—knows all the nicer movements of the heart with which they abound—and calculates to a certainty on their effect. The reforms which he has introduced, since he has been deputy-manager, have made him some individual enemies; but his merit as an actor, in these parts will surmount them.

Dec. 6.—*Revenge.*

In the Moor of Young's all-creative fancy and glowing imagination, is combined all that is great and noble in man, struggling amidst situations, and goaded by passions, which are in general the concomitants of villiany itself. Hence the great art of the poet, to work out of such incidents one of the most glorious dramas that adorn our stage. Hence the wonderful science of the actor, (Kemble) to render Zanga almost exclusively his own, to cast every other performer who has attempted the part, at an awful distance—in defiance of a feeble voice, and constitutional asthma, to preserve the dignity of a declamatory part through five long acts—and never once let the interest of the scene flag through a want of power, which was evident in almost every line.

In Kemble's Zanga we behold the triumph of art, the effect of dramatic science over what the critics of the old school pronounced

invincible obstacles. His deep and extensive reading, his minute research—and his indefatigable attention, have left nothing unexplored that could add to the dignity of the scene, or mark propriety of character. In some passages he speaks whole volumes in monosyllables—witness that marked part of the sentence,

"When the great Moorish king Abdallah fell,

"I fought fast by him—his son.

"(Tho' thro' his fondness in disguise.)"

Here Zanga's only justification arisen from his filial duties; and how does our actor (reserving himself for it through the whole scene,) pour the whole tide of his emphasis on the ear, in the two monosyllables—*his son!*—With him "it is every thing—it is all."

Dec. 7.—*King Lear—Hotel.*

Where the old King curses his daughters, we must own the merits of the actor.—Yet is there nothing in it beyond what we have formerly seen. And with the sublimities of Garrick, Barry, Ross, Henderson, &c. not quite obliterated from remembrance, there was nothing in the other part of the performance but what raised the sigh which recollection breathes in the ear of absence.

"For something better we have seen before."

Dec. 8.—*Education (a new Comedy).—The Waterman.*

This piece is the production of Mr. Morton, and like most of his other plays is a *dish of all sorts*, highly seasoned to the palate, far from solid, and scarcely wholesome.—A hash of scraps—offals from the table of taste—wherein, if one meets with aught agreeable to the palate, on examination it will be found a disguised something on which we have feasted before, cooked up with all the flavour of modern *ragout*.—Yet is the piece

diverting.—The town cries out for novelty—we naturally wish to see every thing that passes the London ordeal—and it is with the Manager of a Play-house, as with the Conductor of a Magazine, a duty to cater for public gratification, not that which exactly may please our own taste, but what the English public applaud—and the Irish wish to see.

The story of this piece is nearly as follows: Count Villars, a Frenchman of rank and fortune, has stolen the daughter of a country gentleman, Mr. Maitland—and has issue by her, one female, from whom they are separated by the storms of the revolution. The mother dies—and the father being unable to send remittances, the child remains at a boarding school, until she at length becomes a teacher, and is seduced from it, under the idea of marriage, by young Templeton, and placed in the cottage of a Farmer Broadcast, in Northamptonshire. The piece commences at the country seat of the elder Templeton, who is married to a young wife—thoughtless, gay, extravagant—one of the Townly or Teazle race.—Here Aspice, an author by profession, is a visitor.—Mr. Templeton is one of the firm of a great mercantile house in London.—In the midst of the opening business, Mr. Damper, a former partner, arrives, to acquaint Templeton with the tottering concerns of his house, arising from the extravagance of his son. He upbraids the young man, and is on the point of telling the old one, when Sir Guy Staunch, (a professed fox hunter enters) who utters some rude things, which rather offending Mrs. Templeton, she, to give him an idea of their consequence, points to a strong box, and says it contains three hundred thousand pounds. This is assented to by Templeton. This quiets the fears

of Damper on his friend's account, and he joyfully refrains telling him the nature of his errand.—Young Templeton also falls into the deception. Damper immediately writes to London accounts of his solvency, and thereby makes matters worse. The scene changes to the cottage of Broadcast, who is a plain man, a hater of learning, and his son just returned from school, discovers some errors in his accounts, which give a *petite* interest to the scene rather pleasing—but which were greatly heightened by the fine acting of Williams and Miss Rock.—Here Rosine enters—Young Templeton visits her, and makes those advances which convince her of his improper designs. She leaps out of a window to avoid him; and in the park of Sir Guy Staunch is met by Miss Staunch, to whom she had formerly been governess, who takes her home, and places her under her father's protection. In her walks she had met with an elderly gentleman who was seized with a fit, and who, by a miniature of her mother at her breast, recognizes her to be his grand daughter. Mistaking the cause of his agitation, she flies from him.—We need not tell our reader this was Mr. Maitland.

At Sir Guy's there is introduced an oafish character—Suckling, the lover of Miss Staunch.—Here Aspice is engaged as his preceptor, who, forming himself ideas on Miss Staunch, tutors his pupil into every absurdity which he thinks will disgust Sir Guy.—An union between Young Templeton and Miss Staunch has been projected by the old gentlemen.—And the true state of the elder Templeton's affairs becoming known to him by the return of Damper to borrow £3000, on the credit of the strong box, to complete the purchase of an estate in the neighbourhood, the younger

man to save his father, determines to abandon Rosine, and goes with an introductory letter from his father to address Miss Stauch. Here, while on his knees to her, she beckons in Rosine—to whom he flies, and is very properly repulsed.

Mean time Count Villars, who takes refuge in England as an *émigré*, enters with Broadcast's boy. He is rather rudely received by the father; but at last he invites him in. Accidentally, however, mentioning the name of Villars with execration, the honor of the Count is so much stung, that amidst all his distress, he avows himself, and Broadcast shuts the door in his face. But afterwards rescuing the boy from drowning in the attempt to save a companion, the farmer is ashamed of his prejudice, and gives him shelter. Here he learns the attempt on his daughter and her flight, he follows her seducer with pistols—is apprehended by the farmer (who is a constable) and conveyed to Sir Guy's, Sir Guy being a magistrate. Sir Guy's daughter having eloped with Suckling, he is put in the dark room, appropriated to prisoners, where he hears his daughter play a favorite air of his own composition—knows her of course—calls to her—she enters, and they fly into each others arms.

The plot is wound up by the bell tolling for the death of Mr. Maitland—Mr. Templeton is left his heir, and at the moment when the officers from London enter to arrest him, he is summoned to take possession of Maitland's immense fortune. The cabinet is unlocked, the will produced; but a paper drops from it, which is a short codicil bequeathing the whole to Rosine. Templeton secrets it in his bosom. But in returning home he drops it; and it is picked up by

Broadcast's boy, who returns it to him.—Aspic accidentally leaves his common-place book on the table. Mrs. Templeton takes it up, and reads such a character of her own follies—that she writes underneath it her resolution of amendment, and drops it in her husband's way, who finds it. Reconciliation ensues of course; and Aspic is disgraced.

The last scene is at Sir Guy Templeton's. Returns there with his daughter, having overtaken the fugitives.—Mr. Templeton's conscience operates on him, and he gives up the codicil.—The four lovers are united; and the piece terminates happily.

Such is the outline of Education. A piece of much bustle—some interest—and abundant variety of character. But, as the intelligent reader will perceive, borrowed from various other plays, which it by no means excels. The similarity to the *Road to Ruin* is glaring. The two Templeton's are Harry Dorn-ton and his father—Sir Guy Stauch is Squire Weston—Dampier is Mr. Sulky—Broadcast and the boy are originals. Aspic is Spatter.—Mrs. Templeton is a bad lady Teazle. Rosine and her father may be traced through all the numerous tribe of sentimentalists in our modern comedies.—And as for Suckling, if ever there was any thing *new* produced on the boards, this is the character; for its likeness to any thing human cannot surely be found; were we to traverse through all the degrees of longitude and journey from one pole to the other.

With regard to the style of the comedy, we are free to confess, that some fine sentences, and happy hits are interspersed through its scenes. The female world, in the higher walks of society, would do well seriously to weigh the importance of the following elegant, but keen re-

buke of fashionable folly :

"In our stylish manufactories
"of female attainments, the Muses
"and Graces so struggle for pre-
"cedency, that the unassuming
"domestic virtues are completely
"jostled into a corner—and from
"this *Magazine à la mode* issues
"an abundant supply of female
"poets, artists, attitudinarians,
"philosophizing daughters, waltz-
"ing wives, and infidel mothers."

The depraved state of wedlock,
when contrasted with the homely
household joys which endeared the
fire-sides of our forefathers, is
drawn with the pen of a master.
We wish every boarding-school
miss was, (under a severe penalty)
compelled to work it in her embroi-
dery frame,

"an active taste for
"expense, with a decided aver-
"sion from all household duties,
"produced by the indolent and de-
"ceptive spirit of procrastination,
"which, pregnant with all the pro-
"ductions of *To-morrow*, leaves
"*To-day* barren and comfortless ;
"and while we abound in econo-
"mical theories, we are ruined by
"unthrifty practice."

The prologue contains some good
points, (we think it might have
been spoken here). It plays with
some effect on the names of the
different games at chance so de-
lightful to young minds. The fol-
lowing lines struck us, as happily
appropriate to our at present
brightening continental prospects :

"Nay, if we stalk abroad, 'tis still the
"same,
"And every state in Europe has its game,
"The Continent at *Commerce* tries her
"chance,
"Beggars my Neighbour was the game in
"France ;
"That game is up.—She now pays off old
"scores,
"While Russia plays at—*Beat Knaves* out
"of Doors."

Of the male performers, Wil-

liams, W. Farren, and little Rock
were most distinguished by merit.
Messrs. Foote and Younger were
both highly respectable. But why
does Foote brandish the pistols in
his exit.—Count Villars would ne-
ver give such a signal to be follow-
ed—it destroys the whole effect of
the following scene.—And why
was the Count exhibited in a prison
at Sir Guy's?—Do the Country
Magistrates of England erect dun-
geons in their seats for the confine-
ment of prisoners?—A disaffected
writer might observe that the Eng-
lish Justices erect Bastiles in their
country seats.

Miss Walstein mistook Mrs.
Templeton in the entire.—She is,
(with the exception of her speeches
after she finds the common-place
book of *Aspie*,) all light comedy.—
Why trag-dize the best exit in the
part?—Miss Walstein possesses
much native vivacity, when she
chooses to give it fair play.

Miss O'Neill gave much support
to the piece. She assimilated the
patch-work of the author with infi-
nite address ; and formed a pleasing
whole out of a part which for the
most consisted of the shreds and
tatters of other plays. Her repelling
the seductive advances of her lover
was in the stile of genuine delicacy ;
and her reconciliation with him,
when she is in possession of her
fortune, partook of all the energy
of a great mind, forgiving when it
was in her power to punish.

The performance of Mrs. Fulton
claims particular notice.—Miss
Staunch is at best but a pirated edi-
tion of *Diana Oldboy*. Mrs. Fil-
ton, however, most happily gave
the character all the correctness
and beauty of a first impression.—
This Lady possesses much archness
and comic vivacity.—We hope to
see her brought forward in some
other parts, suited to her style of
acting.

If Miss Rock keeps up her rapid career of improvement until she attains maturity, she will become a wonderful actress.—From her performance of this intelligent school-boy, we are induced strongly to recommend to her uncle to give her little Pickle to study.

W. Farren dressed the old Fox-Hunter most characteristically.—Johnson's be-pillowed belly, and strangely assorted habit was, like the part itself, an outrageous exhibition on every thing like propriety. But what (it may be urged) could an actor do with such a part?

Dec. 9. *Julius Cæsar*.—*Irishman in London*.

The present cast of this piece is so lamentably different to that of the last season, as to induce us to confine our observations to the character of Brutus. We are, however, compelled to mention, that a young adventurer on the boards attempted the part of Cassius—a hazardous—a daring effort for any dramatic tyro, whatever his ability. Mr. Hacket, we conceive, may, by cultivation and attention, be formed into an actor—further we dare not say—and we wish him industry and a good tutor.

Kemble may be said, almost exclusively, to occupy the whole range of Roman heroes—Cato, Coriolanus, Brutus—all essentially different, yet all elaborately correct and critically just.—The firm undaunted virtue, of the noble Roman is strongly given in every line.—His pride of ancestry is equal to that of Coriolanus—but how essentially different their shades!—In one it almost borders on arrogance: in the other it is the imperative sense of duty arising from the conscious descent of a long list of noble ancestry.

The cautious reluctance with which Brutus joins the conspirators

was finely marked by the actor.—In the appeal to the people on the death of Cæsar, he was majestic and impressive.—But it was in the quarrel with Cassius, that the great and pre-eminent powers of the performer shone in their full lustre.—The calm, dignified, cutting sarcasm—the complete masterhood of himself, when opposed to the intemperate violence of Cassius—like a concentration of rays, drawn to one focus, shed an illumined beam on the character.

“For your life you durst not.”

and

“By Heav’n I’d rather coin my Heart,

“And drop my blood for drachmas, than

“to wring

“From the hard hand of peasants their

“vile trash

“By any indiscretion,”

were two of his most strongly marked passages.

Dec. 10.—*Education*.

Dec. 11.—*Merchant of Venice*.—*Lock and Key*.

The part of Shylock has been in such able hands, that little on the score of improvement remained for Kemble. Whether originating from this cause, or from any other with which we are at present unacquainted, we shall not presume to determine; but the great actor did not appear to make that wonderful impression on the audience, which he has done in several other characters. We did not like his falling on both knees in the public streets to thank God for the ruin of Antonia. Shylock would never have done this. He is too much in the habits of a malignant self-possession. His art keeps pace with his malice.

Mr. Kemble preserves the same nicety of discrimination in dressing his Shylock which marks the costume of all his other characters.—There is, however, one circumstance

in the attire of the Jew that may be worth attention. It is rather singular, that it should have escaped all the representatives of Shylock, from Macklin down to Kemble: The Senate of Venice (to mortify the Jews) passed an edict, that no Jew should appear on the Rialto without wearing over his garments a large red cross embroidered on his shoulder. Many Jews actually quitted Venice to avoid this, what they considered ignominious badge. Now ought not Shylock to wear it? The author of this Critique would be happy to see any remarks from the intelligent correspondents of the MONTHLY MUSEUM, elucidating the subject.

Kemble's best scene was the latter part of the trial, after judgment is given against him.

Dec. 13.—*Coriolanus*—Review.

——— 14. *Cato*—*Follies of a Day*.

——— 15. *The Devil's Bridge*—*Modern Antiques*.

——— 16. *Macbeth*—*Mock Doctor*.

In some of his great points, such as

"We will proceed no further in this business."

"If I stand here I saw him."

"I'll not fight with thee." &c.

Kemble distances all competition. But alas! where are the daring energies, which indispensably mark the character?—all is imbecility—the squeak of the sife instead of the loud martial clangor of the trumpet. We admire Kemble's wonderful points of acting as much as any of the warmest of his panegyrists; but really we cannot compound for them by giving up what is the vi-

talities of such a part as Macbeth—his high-raised notes of anger, fury, desperation, and malignity?

What does one of our superficial diurnal scribblers mean, when he would reprobate the clinking of Macbeth's blade against Macduff's? Macbeth relied on supernatural agency—when he finds the witches prophecy defeated in the person of Macduff, it shakes his whole frame with terror—that very naturally causes his sword-blade to clank against his opponent's.—In a moment, he recovers his panic—desperation ensues—he fights! he falls!—Is there aught absurd in this? Fullam too is attacked in one of the best parts he performs—his first witch; and W. Farren also.—Perhaps our critic was not aware that the latter witch is dressed from the celebrated piece of Fuselli.—But such remarks are a burlesque on all criticism.—We however, would recommend to him the perusal of King James's Demonology.

Why does Miss Walstein make such a ridiculous display of the candlestick on her exit in the sleeping scene?

Dec. 17.—*Education*—*Perouse*.

18.—*Coriolanus*—*Netley Abbey*.

20.—*Pizarro*—*St. Patrick's Day*.

Kemble's benefit, and the last night of his performance. An overflowing house, and a most tumultuous assemblage in the upper regions.

Dec. 21.—*Education*—*Perouse*.

22.—*The Devil's Bridge*.

23.—*All in the Wrong*—*Perouse*.

27.—*Jane Shore*—*Perouse*.

MRS. WILLIS'S AND MISS CHEESE'S CONCERTS.

Mrs. Willis and Miss Cheese's Vocal and Instrumental Concerts, commenced for this season on Friday the 3d of December, and was most numerous and fashionably attended. The selection was excellent, an introductory Chorus "*Welcome Friends of Harmony*," written for the occasion, was received with bursts of applause, and does great credit to the composer, Sir J. Stevenson. The following we particularly noticed:

"*The Fisherman's Glee*,"—from the Russian Sacrifice.—"*Pundero quel brunettino*,"—Mozart's duet.—"*My Henry is gone*,"—a Ballad—Sung by Miss Cheese. A Duet of Dussek's, performed by Mrs. Willis and Mr. Smith, and the Silesian air; arranged for Piano Forte, Harp, and Flageolet, by Mazzinghi.

The Concert was over about eleven o'clock, the audience seemed to retire with reluctance. We make no doubt these entertainments will be as crowdedly attended the remainder of the season as they were this evening.

The second Concert was on Friday the 10th, and was numerously attended, and if possible went off with greater applause than the first. The selection of music, both Vocal and Instrumental, was truly tasteful; amongst the most admired, if it is possible to make a distinction, (for every piece was most loudly applauded) were the following:

Duet.—Piano Forte and Harp accompanied by the Flageolet. The Bavarian air, arranged by Mazzinghi.—"*Sweetly sound the trembling lyre*,"—a glee for four voices, (encored.) "*Beauty in tears*,"—a Ballad sung by Miss Cheese.—Concerto.—Grand Piano Forte, Mrs. Willis. Song, Mr. Smith, "*Nelson*," composed by Braham, (encored.)

Trio.—"*O Dolce caro istante*,"—sung by Miss Cheese, Miss Davidson, and Mr. Smith, composed by Cimerosa.

And the Finale—a Trio, composed by Mr. Blewitt, for the Piano Forte, Harp, and French Flageolet, (encored.)

The third Concert was on Friday the 17th; a most admirable selection, and every thing went off with great spirit, the room crowded as usual.

The fourth Concert was on Friday the 24th; on which night, there was a selection of Sacred Music, in the performance of which Mr. Spray took a part. Among the most admired were the following:

"*Angels ever bright and fair*," and "*With verdure clad*," Miss Cheese.—"*Comfort ye my people*," and "*Lord remember David*," Mr. Spray.—"*In splendour bright*," Mr. Smith.—"*Of Stars the fairest*," Duet and Chorus, and "*The Heavens are telling*," Chorus from the Creation.

Monthly Register.

[The Proprietors of the MONTHLY MUSEUM have to apologise to their numerous Friends for the non-appearance in the present Number of the Retrospect of Politics which had been promised in the last Publication. An Article had been written, but it was received at the Printing-Office at a period too late to be introduced into the Third Number. The situation of Holland forms a principal part of its contents; and a desire to treat the subject, which its importance required, was the cause of the delay. In consequence, however, of this disappointment, the Proprietors have made such arrangements, as will prevent the recurrence of so disagreeable a circumstance.]

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

STATE PAPER.

Declaration of the Allied Powers.

"The French government has ordered a new levy of 500,000 conscripts. The motives of the *senatus Consultum* to that effect contains an appeal to the Allied Powers. They, therefore, find themselves called upon to promulgate anew, in the face of the world, the views which guide them in the present war; the principles which form the basis of the conduct, their wishes, and their determinations.

"The Allied Powers do not make war upon France, but against the preponderance, haughtily announced—against that preponderance which, to the misfortune of Europe and of France, the Emperor Napoleon has too long exercised beyond the limits of his Empire.

"Victory has conducted the Allied Powers to the banks of the Rhine. The first use which their Imperial and Royal Majesties have made of victory, has been to offer peace to his Majesty the Emperor of the French. An attitude strengthened by the accession of all the Sovereigns and Princes of Germany, has had no influence on the conditions of that peace. These conditions are founded on the independence of the other States of Europe. The views of the Powers are just in their object, generous and liberal in their application, giving security to all, honourable to each.

"The Allied Sovereigns desire that

France may be great, powerful and happy; because the French Power, in a state of greatness and strength, is one of the foundations of the social edifice of Europe. They wish that France may be happy; that French commerce may revive; that the arts, those blessings of peace, may again flourish; because a great people can only be tranquil in proportion as it is happy. The Powers confirm to the French empire an extent of territory which France under her Kings never knew; because a valiant nation does not fall from its rank, by having in its turn experienced reverses in an obstinate and sanguinary contest, in which it has fought with its accustomed bravery.

"But the Allied Powers also wish to be free, tranquil, and happy, themselves. They desire a state of peace which, by a wise partition of strength, by a just equilibrium, may henceforward preserve their people from the numberless calamities which have overwhelmed Europe for the last twenty years.

"The Allied Powers will not lay down their arms, until they have attained this great and beneficial result, this noble object of their efforts. They will not lay down their arms, until the political state of Europe be re-established anew,—until immutable principles have resumed their rights over vain pretensions,—until the sanctity of treaties shall have at last secured a real peace to Europe.

"Frankfort, Dec. 1, 1813."

PARIS, December 19.

To-day (Sunday the 19th) his Majesty the Emperor and King, set off, at one o'clock from the palace of the Tuilleries, to repair in state to the legislative body; where, having been received with the usual ceremonies, his Majesty, after taking his seat, made the following speech:

"Senators, Counsellors of State, Deputies from the departments of the legislative body;—Splendid victories have raised the glory of the French arms during this campaign; defections without parallel have rendered these victories useless; all has turned against us. France itself would be in danger, but for the union and energy of the French.

"In these weighty circumstances, it was my first thought to call you around me. My heart has need of the presence and of all the affection of my subjects.

"I have never been seduced by prosperity; adversity would always find me superior to its attacks.

"I have several times given peace to nations, when they had lost every thing. From a part of my conquests, I have raised thrones for kings, who have forsaken me.

"I had conceived and executed great designs for the prosperity and happiness of the world! A monarch and a father, I feel that peace adds to the security of thrones, and to that of families.

"Negotiations have been entered into with the Allied Powers; I have adhered to the preliminary basis which they have presented; I had then the hope, that, before the opening of this session, the congress of Manheim would be assembled; but new delays, which are not to be ascribed to France, have deferred this moment, which the wishes of the world eagerly called for.

"I have ordered to be laid before you all the original documents which are in the *porte feuille* of my department of foreign affairs. You will make yourselves acquainted with them by means of a committee. The speakers (orators) of my council will acquaint you with my will on this subject.

"On my side there is no obstacle to the re-establishment of peace.

"I know and partake all the sentiments of the French; I say of the French, because there is not one of them who would desire peace at the price of honour.

"It is with regret that I ask of this generous people new sacrifices; but they are commanded by its noblest and dearest interests.

"It was necessary to recruit my armies by numerous levies;—nations cannot treat with security, except by displaying their whole strength; and an increase of taxes becomes indispensable.—What my minister of the finances will propose to you, is conformable to the system of finance which I have established. We shall meet every demand without a loan, which consumes the future, and without paper money, which is the greatest enemy of social order.

"I am satisfied with the sentiments which my people of Italy have testified towards me on this occasion.

"Denmark and Naples alone have remained faithful to their alliances with me.

"The republic of the United States of America continues with success its war with England.

"I have recognized the neutrality of the nineteen Swiss Cantons.

"Senators, Counsellors of State, Deputies from the departments to the legislative body,—You are the natural organs of this throne; it is for you to give an example of energy, which may recommend our generation to the generations to come. Let them not say of us: "They have sacrificed the best interests of their country; they have acknowledged the laws which England has in vain sought, during four centuries, to impose on France!"

"My people cannot fear that the policy of their emperor will ever betray the national glory.

"On my side, I feel the confidence that the French will be constantly worthy of themselves and of me."

After the speech of his majesty, the sitting being terminated, his majesty retired in the midst of acclamations.

His majesty returned to the palace of the Tuilleries, with his retinue, by the same way as he repaired to the legislative body.

Discharges of artillery were fired, both as his majesty left the palace of the legislative body, and when he reached the Tuilleries.—(*Moniteur*, Dec. 20)

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Washington, Nov. 2.

Report of Mr. Macan, Deputy to the Congress, concerning the conduct which has been observed by the English during the War.

The Committee to whom was referred that part of the Message of the President which relates to the spirit in which the war has been carried on by the enemy, and to the means employed by him,

REPORT.

That they have collected and arranged all the testimonies which they have been able to procure on this head. These testimonies, and the documents which accompany them, are submitted to the consideration of the House, in the following order:

1. Ill treatment of the American prisoners.
2. Detention of American prisoners, as British subjects, under the pretext of their being born on British territory, or of naturalisation.
3. Detention of sailors as prisoners, because they were in England when war was declared.
4. Forced service of American sailors, pressed on board English men of war.

5. Violation of flags of truce.

6. Ransom of American prisoners, taken by the savages in the service of England.

7. Pillage and destruction of private property in the Bay of Chesapeake, and the neighbouring country.

8. Massacre of American prisoners surrendered to the officers of Great Britain by the savages engaged in its services; abandoning to the savages of the corpses of American prisoners killed by the English, into whose hands they had been surrendered; pillage and murder of American citizens who had repaired to the English under the assurance of their protection; the burning of their houses.

9. Cruelties exercised at Hampton, in Virginia.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The following is a copy of the Address of the Corporation on presenting Lord Whitworth with the Freedom of the City; his Excellency's Answer is also subjoined.

May it please your Excellency.

We beg leave to present your Excellency with the Freedom of our ancient and Loyal Corporation.

And we cannot but embrace, with peculiar satisfaction, the public opportunity of assuring your Excellency, that we entertain a just sense of the Prince Regent's regard and attention to the real interests of Ireland, in delegating his authority, at this important crisis, to a nobleman so eminently distinguished for his public and private virtues; and we feel an honest pride in having so exalted and amiable a character enrolled amongst the Citizens of Dublin.

Allow us further to assure your Excellency, that the faithful and loyal Citizens of Dublin, will always exert their most zealous efforts, to maintain our unrivalled Constitution.

ANSWER.

My Lord and Gentlemen,

I beg leave to return my best thanks for the distinguished honor which you have done me, in presenting me with the Freedom of the Loyal and Ancient Corporation of the City of Dublin.

I cannot better justify the confidence which His Royal Highness the Prince Regent has placed in me, by committing to my care, the Government of this Country, than by an equal and impartial adminis-

tration of justice to all classes of his Majesty's subjects.

I shall zealously endeavour to maintain unimpaired our envied and unrivalled Constitution, and promote, by every means in my power, the best interests of Ireland.

In pursuing this line of conduct, I entertain no doubt of receiving the most cordial support from the tried fidelity and loyalty of the Citizens of Dublin.

Kilkenny, Dec. 8.—On Monday night, about the hour of 10 o'clock, as Robert Barton, of Greenhill, in this county, Esq. was on his way home from Mr. Robert St. George's, where he dined, he was fired at from behind the ditch of the avenue leading to his home, by some evil-minded person or persons, who wounded him severely in both his hands. Mr. St. George, immediately on hearing of the act, brought out a party of the military, and scoured the country in pursuit of them; but we are sorry to say, the villains have effected their escape for the present.

Drogheda, Dec. 8.—Saturday night, a farmer of the name of Clinch, was robbed on his return from the market of this town, by two fellows, of his watch and some money. Monday night they brought the watch to Mr. Atkinson's, West-street, who had repaired it a few days before for the owner. Mr. Armstrong passing by, recognized the men as old offenders, took them into custody, and they were committed to prison. Clinch will, we understand, identify them as the robbers.

BIRTHS.

In Westmorland-street, on the 4th inst. Mrs. Samuel Oldham, of a son.

On Ormond-quay, Mr. Jonathan Short, of a son.

On the 23th of Nov. at Conyngham-Lodge, Slane, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Armstrong, of a daughter.

In Edinburgh, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Wardlaw, 76th regiment, of a daughter.

In London, the lady of Vice-Admiral Thorborough, late Commander at Cork, of a son.

The lady of Mr. William Lewis, of a son, in Greenville-street.

In Eccles-street, the lady of Owen Armstrong, of Gormanstown Green, of a son.

On Saturday inst, at Annabella, the lady of Richard Harris Parcell, Esq. of a son and heir.

MARRIAGES.

On the 7th inst. at Tullish Church, by the Rev. Charles Lyons Montgomery, A. O. B. Billingham, Esq. to Christiana, eldest daughter of John Nicholson, Esq. of Stamore House, county of Down.

On the 11th inst. at the Cathedral Church of Leighlin, by the Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Leighlin and Ferns, the Rev. Wm. Hickey, to Henrietta Maria, daughter of John Stewart, of Stewart's Lodge, in the county of Carlow, Esq.

In Lisbon, Major Charles Western, 8th Cazadores, son of the Rev. Doctor Western, Oxford, and nephew to General Harry Calvert, Adjutant-General of England, to Harriet, youngest daughter of Captain Clarke, of the 40th regiment.

At East Sheen, Lord Berriedale, to Miss Leigh, daughter and co-heiress of the late Rev. Wm. Leigh, of Rushall, co. Stafford.

Mr. M. Jeff, of the Bank of Ireland, to Miss Lyons, of Grafton-street.

In St. Peter's Church, by the Rev. the Provost of Trinity College, Richard Wrighton, Esq. of Great Ship-street, to Miss Lyons, of York-street.

In Mary's Church, by the Rev. Wm. Walker, William Kilpatrick, of Carrickmacross, co. of Monaghan, Esq. to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Thos. Knox Magan, Granby-row, Esq. Surveyor-General of Excise.

Mr. Thomas Booth, of Kilbeggan, to Miss Parsons, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Parsons, Merchant, of Golden-lane.

On the 26th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Pres-

ton, Wm. Battersby, Esq. of Trellans, Coun y Meath, to Frances, eldest daughter of N. Preston, Esq. of Swanston, in said county.

On Thursday inst, at St. Paul's Church, Cork, Thomas Wade Foot, Esq. to Mrs. Beamish, widow of the late Townsend Beamish, Esq.

On the 8th instant, at Clifton Church, Peter Bolton Stretch, Esq. eldest son of A. C. Stretch, Esq. of Springfield, county Clare, to Mrs. Yorke, widow of the late Thomas York, Esq. of Elvin Hall, Staffordshire, and of Dover Castle, in the Island of Jamaica.

By special licence on the 14th inst. in Duluck Church, by the Rev. Stephen Radcliff, Rector of Screen, Robert Richards, Esq. barrister at law, to Matilda, daughter of Henry Garrett, Esq. Duluck-house, county Meath.

DEATHS.

At his brother's house, at Williamstown, near Black-Rock, on Sunday the 5th inst. Mr. John Purcell, of the House of Richardson and Nolan, Grafton-street.—This truly amiable and excellent young man was hurried from his relatives and friends by a most malignant fever, the violence of which baffled all the exertions of physical and medical aid.—He was a dutiful son, and affectionate brother, mild and unassuming in manners, inoffensive in disposition, sincere in friendship, modest in demeanour, and correct in conduct: those who knew him best, deplore him most.

On Saturday evening, the Rev. P. Byrne, of Meath-street Chapel, son of Mr. Pat. Byrne, of Francis-street.

At his house in Bride-street, Samuel Williams, Esq. sincerely and deservedly regretted by a numerous acquaintance.

Of a consumption, on the 7th inst. at Beck's-Court, in the County Cavan, in the bloom of youth, sincerely lamented, Mrs. Mahaffy, wife of the Rev. E. Mahaffy, and eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Cosby, of Strindally, in the Queen's county.

On the 18th inst. at Beddgelart, Wales, his native place, in the 28th year of his age, Mr. Griffith Williams, of Crampton-court, in this city.

On the 30th inst. Mr. Wm. Goulding, of the Bank of Ireland, deservedly regretted.

Mrs. Beatty, aged 75, relict of the late Edmund Beatty, one of the Sheriffs Pears of this city.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is not to be expected that we should answer *all* our Correspondents each Month, and we have so many communications at present on hands that it would nearly fill a volume to answer them to our satisfaction.—Many of our particular remarks, therefore, we would wish to be taken generally, and such productions as we cannot approve of, we must often pass over in *silence—vice only shall draw forth our asperity*. We have received innumerable hints and letters for improving the plan of our Magazine; many of them are judicious, and for which we feel indebted; to others on the same subject we must refer the writers to the stories of the Man and his Ass; and the Painter who pleased every body and no body; as a specimen of the latter kind, we have given a letter from our fair Correspondent "*Letitia Madcap*," with whose wishes we shall endeavour to comply as far as it is in our power.

Will "*the Anchorite*" inform us how we can drop him a line?

The Tale of "*Sir Simon*" is utterly inadmissible to our Miscellany.—When the Author dispatched the Old Knight to the Devil, 'twas pitty he did not send his *Tale* with him: for, truth to say, it is an infernal farrago.

The "*Anacreontic*," by JUVENIS, in our next. We shall insert *Roderick's* handsome Eulogy on the late Sir John Moore.—But let him not debase his genius, or attempt to pollute our columns with such subjects as his "*Hint*."

The communication of "*Hibernicus*" will be highly acceptable. We feel ourselves obliged by aught that tends to elucidate the antiquities of the country.

On reviewing our past Notice, we cannot accuse ourselves of want of politeness toward the Author of "*The Banks of the Suir*." We should deem ourselves very unfit for our situation, if we addressed Correspondents like him in any other language than that of respect. Due attention shall be paid to any future favours of the gentleman's.

The "*Selector*" is acceptable. It forms part of our plan—and shall be inserted.—We will thank our Correspondent to be as cautious as possible that the articles which he sends have not *been blown upon*. We have restored the *provincial dialect* to *Martin Edenbrodie's Epitaph*. It is that which gives effect to the whole. The monument stands in the Old Church Yard of Edinburgh.

The "*New Religious Meeting*," proposed by A. FATHER, does not come within our plan. We wish well to every scheme of human happiness.—But, our Correspondent must pardon us if we observe—that Christian Morality without Christian Doctrine is a mere *Caput mortuum*.—It is a Body without a Soul.

1 JY 59



Brown Sc.

GUSTAVUS IV. ADOLPHUS
Late King of Sweden.

Engraved for the Dublin Monthly Museum.